

# THE CRITIC

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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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## THE CRITIC.

## SECTS.

SECTS are necessary results of human nature. We may lament, we may declaim against their evils as much as we choose; but there they stand—the products of principles in our constitution which no progress of civilization can eradicate. There always have been sects; there always will be sects. In the turmoil of some wide and sweeping revolution there may be a temporary effacement of the distinctions of religious and political party; then, all conservative energy instinctively becomes one, as all destructive energy instinctively becomes one; but when the vigour of overthrow has spent itself, and society begins its reorganization, religious and political distinctions resume their dominion. In truth, after some mighty movement that has shaken an empire to its foundation, sects and parties are more numerous than at any other period. The unity which the Conservative element and the Destructive element have been compelled for a time to assume is reacted against by the extremes of diversity. Old distinctions revive; and new distinctions, to indicate new forms of religious and political existence, are adopted. On the eve of a revolution there is also an immense increase of sectarian distinctions, though not nearly to the same extent as after the revolution has exhausted its fury. And to the wise eye there is no more discernible sign of the approach of a violent and extensive change in the institutions of a country, than the sudden multiplication of sects and sectarian distinctions. Do not Tractarianism and other kindred manifestations proclaim as emphatically as the distress and discontent of millions the coming of a storm which will trample before it much that has survived the fiercest shocks of centuries of opposition?

Though sects are instruments of progression, yet they never begin their career as conscious instruments thereof. The founder of a sect may have, indeed, generally has, an idea apart from current ideas which he wishes the sect to embody; but the sect itself does not originate in the assertion of anything positive, but in hostility to some real or apparent abuse or error in an older sect from which it separates. When it has fought out its battle against this error or abuse, it then assumes a positive shape. Many sects retain the name which they first embraced in their antagonistic phase, though it has long ceased to be characteristic of the doctrines they avow and the practices they pursue. Some sects never advance beyond the antagonistic phase simply because their Antagonism has never been earnest, decided, and bold. And no sect can gather an ardent multitude around it when a positive fact, which has not already had a stalwart youth of Antagonism. When it has wielded sufficiently the weapons of a crushing Negation, it will establish and symmetrize itself as a positive power.

Sects originate, then, in hostility to an older sect, or to some feature of that older sect. The causes that prolong the existence of sects are chiefly the following:—

First, Habit. The antiquity of a sect enters far less into the influence which it exerts over its disciples than most people think. The members of the Free Church in Scotland are as warmly attached to it as the members of the Established Church in Scotland are to that Church. Yet the former Church is much more recent than the latter. The Methodist is as fanatically devoted to Methodism as the Papist is to Popery. Yet Methodism has existed only a century, while Popery has existed many centuries. What is taught us as a religious faith when children takes a deep hold on our minds, because it is the religious faith of our father and mother, of those who are nearest and dearest to us. We ask no questions whether the faith is ancient or modern, whether the sect is ancient or modern. It is the faith, it is the sect, to which we have been accustomed ever since we could think about the Deity at all. And even when doubts intrude upon us, when we are compelled to reject as false the belief that our parents have inculcated, we cannot without the bitter pang abandon the habit of visiting the temple where our parents and brothers and sisters and we have long worshipped together. Our heart continues for years to believe in that religion which our intellect has renounced. When our Memory returns to the scenes of our early days, it cannot help carrying its fondest and fullest emotion to the

House of God, where we had so often mingled in the prayer and the praise that our fellow creatures were offering to their Creator. The strength of Habit and Association is not sufficiently considered by us when judging of the conduct of those who persist in their adherence to a sect the theological dogmas of which they deny. It is not affection for the sect, but affection for the sweet recollections that the sect suggests, which frequently makes them cling to the sect. Certainly, high principle, stern conscientiousness, should not permit feelings, however delightful, or however entwined with the brightness and gladness of the past, to interfere with their claims. But when a man holds opinions directly opposed to those of his sect, we are too apt to attribute selfish motives, and bring charges of dishonesty and cowardice, when there is nothing but the unresisting surrender of the soul to a beautiful sentiment.

Sects also satisfy a profound social want, and thus is their existence prolonged. The worst, as well as the best, of our brethren is social. The worst as well as the best is dominated by the need of being social in a holy act, though that act may condemn every other act of his life. And here again is a lesson of tolerance to be learned. We are inclined to call him a hypocrite whom we see guilty of every vice, but who appears as regularly as the purest and most pious in the sanctuaries dedicated to our Father in Heaven. But he may have not a single particle of hypocrisy. He obeys a social impulse, and can we condemn him for obeying it? To how many is public worship a consolation not in that it produces in their being any rapid or extensive improvement, but in that it satisfies a social yearning!

Sects are likewise held together by the feeling that it is dishonourable to leave the sect with which we have been first connected. All men are more or less under the control of public opinion. And one reason why this control is difficult to detect in most of our fellow creatures, is that it shows itself in such different modes in different people. One person may be sensitively alive to the notion entertained of him by those immediately around him; another may have a morbid anxiety respecting the estimate formed of him by kindred natures, though none of these may come into direct relation with him. Necessarily, the fear of public opinion which each indulges in is a great measure unknown to the other, and where it is known seems ridiculous. But all, except the most reckless and reprobate, are influenced by the dislike of doing anything that may appear dishonourable in the eyes of the world. And defection from a sect or a party never escapes a mark of dishonour, according to the world's idea of honour. Can we wonder, then, that people in whom the appetite for approbation is stronger than any higher motive, which is the case with the great majority, should hesitate about a step by which their good name might be endangered? Many a weak mind is guilty of an inward apostasy to its holiest convictions in terror of being denominated apostate.

There is, besides, in the bosoms of men, in a much larger degree than is usually supposed, the love of system. Few men have the ability completely to comprehend a system, yet the need of system is an intense and universal need. Now a sect is an embodied system. It is a cluster of theological abstractions built into an institution. It renders vivid, and tangible, and symmetrical to the mental grasp of the dullest, the isolated points of a belief which he would only make more chaotic by trying himself to systematize. He who teaches some sublime regenerative principle that is to influence remotest ages, should never attempt to organize it either into a system or a sect. If he attempts this, he falls down to the level of the numerous herd of system-mongers, and the principle loses its unity and simplicity. The founder of a new religion, or of a new philosophy, proves his fitness for the mission which he undertakes by avoiding the blunder of trying to be the founder of a sect. A new religion produces sects and systems which all interpret it in a different manner; it is only by its reduction into varying sects and systems that it can be rendered intelligible, impelling, ameliorating to society; but it is not itself a sect or a system. Though a new philosophy requires more of systematic exposition than a new religion, yet its essential merit and its abiding power must be that in it which is not system, but the intuition, the individuality of its founder—as far as they can be gleaned from his own statements and those of his immediate followers. Men infinitely

inferior to the founders of a new religion or a new philosophy generally obtain the praise of originating such religion or such philosophy, merely because they have put them into a systematic and sectarian form.

Sects derive no small portion of their stability and permanence from the circumstance that every one belonging to a sect persuades himself that he draws considerable importance from the bond that links him to the sect. He so identifies himself with the sect that whatever the sect does seems to carry along with it his influence, and whatever he does seems to endow him with a sort of omnipotence bestowed by the sect. We marvel sometimes that so many are contented to be the echoes of the sect to which they are joined. But what to us takes the aspect of imbecility in their conduct and insignificance in their position, is not so to them. By a reciprocity of imaginary operation they regard their sect as great, because it happens to include them in its members, and they regard themselves as great because they happen to be followers of a distinguished sect. This delusion is one of the most formidable obstacles to be vanquished in teaching our brethren manhood and self-subsistence.

Such are the causes why a sect prolongs its existence after it has arisen. What are the benefits of sects?

They are decidedly favourable to freedom. Their first appearance is a proclamation of freedom. And though they have a tendency to grow conservative as soon as their energetic negation is succeeded by positive existence and action, yet the influence of their Antagonism to the older sect from which they have sprung, which ceases not though the Antagonism itself may cease, and their continual collision with other sects, far more than counterbalance their conservative tendency. However conservative they may grow within themselves, yet beyond their limits as a sect they are looked on as a standing symbol of rebellion against authority.

Sects have an intellectual value. The subtle and silly distinctions which they apply to theological dogmas, and which in themselves are so ridiculous, have prodigiously assisted in cultivating Man's logical powers, and in procuring clearness and precision in scientific expositions. The questions debated by theologians are in general pitifully frivolous, yet are the time and talent spent on them by no means lost. Every such question, however trifling, is a school of logic. And though Logic is not Man's highest faculty, and though many have rested in it as a state, instead of using it as an instrument, still without the employment of an accurate Logic at some particular period of intellectual progress, no further progress is possible. Then, again, we may be amused with the long and elaborate catalogue of theological tenets which sects pedantically parade, each reputed indispensable to salvation, and each dovetailed in each with a lamentable waste of ingenuity. Yet this theological arrangement of shadows and crotchets, unseizable by any but a fanatical vision and a fanatical hand, has been the chief educator of arrangement in science of every description. Mass after mass of theological disquisitions sinks into oblivion; it has told man little or nothing of his relations to God which he did not already know; but it has contained many efforts at new methods in the statements of hackneyed theological ideas; and those new methods have indirectly improved the new methods of arrangement and exposition adopted by scientific labourers who cared little or nothing for theological distinctions. Nor is the beneficial result of theological speculation, of sectarian controversy limited to the improvement of system and statement in science. We have already alluded to the mode in which sects further liberty. But they also further liberty in another mode not less effectual, but less obvious. In the same way that the precision of general science, and, consequently, its usefulness, have been promoted by the theological wrangling of sects, have the precision and definiteness of political questions been promoted by them. The theological squabbles, worthless as to the points disputed, have given every political question a clearness and a tangibility which it requires the utmost stretch of sophistry to confuse. How fruitless were the contests of ancient patriots for a larger accession of liberty to their countrymen, from their inability to give the object which they sought a logical distinctness! How differently would the struggles of the Gracchi have ended if the Roman popular mind had received the same amount of sectarian theological culture as the English popular mind for centuries has been receiving! When

there is only a vague warfare between an Aristocracy and a Democracy, a triumph of the latter over the former brings little permanent benefit. Such vague combats, followed by vague victories, are growing more and more impossible in modern times. And to the heat and clash of sectarian bickering we are indebted for a benefit so inestimable.

Sects produce other results no less valuable than those we have mentioned, such as the power they occasionally bring to bear on some keenly agitated question like slavery. On those other results, however, we shall not dwell, but say a single word of the evil of sects.

They are unfavourable to the growth of a high philosophy. Sects have immense empire in England and the United States. In each of these countries philosophy is meagre, narrow, and timid in the extreme. In Germany, where sects have comparatively little strength, philosophy has a boldness of research, a comprehensiveness of view such as it has never reached in any other land.

Sects are unfavourable to the growth of a high morality. Their morality is that of detail and prescription. It is superficial and pretentious like that of the Pharisees of old. It would be false to say that a man cannot attain a high morality who is much under the thralldom of sects. He may do so, but in that case his morality must flow from some other source than a sectarian source. It must aim at higher objects than sectarian objects, and seek other means than sectarian means. And it will approach perfection precisely as it is free from any sectarian taint.

Sects are unfavourable to a high religion. The Priest in the Head is exalted above the God in the Heart. The material is substituted for the spiritual; the Heaven within, the true and eternal Heaven of consciousness, of intuition, is surrendered for a Heaven without, a possible heaven of Epicurean rapture in some possible point of space; and the accidents and fluctuations of temperament take the place of sublime and infallible revelations from the depths of our nature.

KENNETH MORENCY.

#### NATIONALITY IN LITERATURE.

THE literature of every nation has peculiar features which it is interesting to note, and still more interesting to compare with the distinctive attributes pertaining to the literatures of other nations. The literature of Rome how unlike the literature of Greece! This how unlike the literature of the Hebrews! And this, again, how unlike to any of the modern literatures of Europe! The tendency of civilization is to assimilate in all things, and alike to wear down the angularity of Individuals, and to efface the most famous of popular customs, the most favourite of popular prejudices, and the most salient of popular specialities. From this tendency literature does not escape, and cannot escape. But it is affected by it more slowly and to a less extent than any other national feature or fact. The reasons of this are various. We indicate two of the chief. In the first place, Literature is free from the influence of that which is the main cause of change in national lineaments and manners. These undergo successive modifications, partly from the love of novelty, but chiefly from considerations of utility. The new may be more attractive than the old and therefore preferred, but the new is regarded as more useful than the old and therefore adopted. Take costume for instance. Few will say that our present mode of dress is more graceful than all other modes that have preceded it, but it is thought to be more convenient, and thus it maintains its place, and will continue to maintain its place, till what is viewed as a still more convenient is invented. Now, Literature is not subject to this Utilitarian standard. It is not of the earth, earthy. It speaks to Man's loftiest faculties, not to his mercenary tastes or commercial calculations. We talk of a great genius; but who ever talks of a useful author? The utility of literature consists in the very circumstance even that it wars with mere notions of utility. The whole problem of life is converted so much into a simple question of profit and loss; we are dragged so habitually down from our commerce with the Invisible, and from our aspirings toward the Ideal and the Infinite, by the fetters that bind us to the car of Mammon; the divinest revelations, no less than the divinest mysteries of Universal Being, are so dis severed from our contemplation by the hard, anxious,

physical struggle how to be, that we need some hallowing agency to breathe a freshening and fertilizing breath on the monotonous aridity of our ordinary path. It is the destiny of Religion in some measure to accomplish this holy work; and how brutal and how bad should all of us soon grow if Religion did not come to shed the rays of Heaven on our souls when weary and worn with terrestrial pursuits! But inasmuch as Religion is a far nobler impulse than aught else that can visit our bosoms, it is unfitted to be anything but an occasional impulse, and the frequent attempt to render it a permanent excitement inevitably and invariably ends in that morbid fever of the conscience which consumes and crucifies the Individual, and desolates Society with outbursts of mad and cruel fanaticism. The operation of Literature on the Spirit of Man, however, if not so elevating as that of Religion, is, when both are occupying their appropriate spheres, much more constant. It raises Man above earth and above earth's meagre, and mechanical, and dwarfish things, but it does not so far raise him that it requires an enormous effort to resume the usual tenor of his career. It teaches him not to despise labour, but to dignify it by pervading and adorning it with a portion of those generous sentiments and those transcendent visions inspired by companionship with immortal minds. In the second place, if the literature of a nation escapes the withering effects of a cold Utilitarianism, and is thus maintained in its nationality while other national peculiarities decay, it escapes what would be no less fatal to it as a national literature, the malignant blight of sect and party. These denude of nationality whatever they touch. The nation is forgotten, and all that is dear to the nation and beautiful in the nation's eyes, is trodden under foot, that the sect may be prevalent, that the party may be powerful. What comes home directest and most thrillingly to the human heart is rejected by one sect because another sect has embodied it in its faith, its ceremonies, or its institutions. From all this horrible snarling and dismemberment literature escapes by its own instinctive and immortal catholicity.

KENNETH MORENCY.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Unity of the Human Races proved to be the Doctrine of Scripture, Reason, and Science; with a Review of the present Position and Theory of Agassiz.* By the Rev. THOMAS SMYTH, D.D. New York and London: Putnam.

SCIENCE is here viewed in connexion with religion. Dr. SMYTH argues with great power that the doctrine of Scripture, that the human race sprang from one stock, is literally true; and he meets and answers, *seriatim*, the objections of physiologists who have contended that because in form, feature, and mental and bodily organization the existing races of man differ so widely, therefore they could not have sprung from one common ancestor. But the question is obviously one of fact. Within any period of time, over which our records extend, have the races changed? Is there a change actually going on at this moment? In how many generations would a white man become a black man, and *vice versa*? If it takes two or three centuries to effect such changes as we see, it is not difficult to calculate how many more centuries it would take to produce the complete differences visible between men of different races. We know how long ago it was since man was first put upon the earth—scripture tells us that. Would those years suffice to effect the change, at the rate at which change has progressed within our records? This is the only proper method of investigating the question: only thus can it be probed. Abstract reasoning will bring us no higher to a conclusion, and analogy utterly fails in such a case.

The objection we have to Dr. SMYTH's Essay is, that it begs the question. He starts by asserting the doctrine of different races to be unchristian. If so, it can only be because it is not true. If not true, why investigate it at all? He asserts also that the doctrine is *unchristian*. This is another unfair mode of treating it. There is but one philosophical method of inquiry into an asserted fact—is it true? If true, it is to be received, without reference to its supposed character or consequences. If false, it is to be rejected, whatever its other claims to approbation.



## HISTORY.

*The History of Greek Literature.* By Sir T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L.; the Bishop of LONDON; R. WHITCOMBE, Esq., M.A.; E. POCOCKE, Esq.; the Rev. J. B. OTTLEY, M.A.; and the Rev. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A. Second Edition.

This is another of the volumes of the re-issue in a compact and convenient cabinet form of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, some of the former volumes of which we have already introduced to our readers. The present volume is the most attractive of the series yet published, as the names of the writers will show. Commencing with a review of Early Greek Poetry, by Mr. Justice TALFOURD, it proceeds to describe the works of the Tragic Poets of Greece, and the Chorus in the Ancient Tragedy. The Lyric Poets of Greece are then treated of, and this is followed by a critical examination of the Old Comedy, and the Middle and New Comedy. The Ionic Logographers form the subject of a separate essay, as do the Greek-Historians, the Greek Orators, and the Greek Pastoral Poetry. Some Philological Notes conclude a volume which might advantageously be read in schools, and which will be a valuable addition to the classical library. The whole of it has been revised for this new edition, Mr. Justice TALFOURD having almost entirely rewritten his portion of the work; and so it is with the contributions of the Rev. J. B. OTTLEY, and the Rev. H. THOMPSON. Mr. POCOCKE's articles on the Ionic Logographers, Herodotus, Xenophon and the Pastoral Poets, are entirely new.

## MEDICINE.

*Surgical and Practical Observations on the Diseases of the Human Foot, with Instructions for their Treatment. To which is added, Advice on the Management of the Hand.* By JOHN EISENBERG. Second Edition. London: Renshaw.

In plain terms this is an essay on Corns and Warts; a subject of more extensive importance than at first sight would appear. When it is remembered that there are few who have not suffered acutely, at some period of their lives, from one or both of these annoyances, petty as they appear, the importance of a scientific investigation of their physiology, with a view to prevention and cure, will be acknowledged, and the handsome and portly quarto of Mr. EISENBERG will not be deemed too large for the subject. His extensive experience in the eradication of these excrescences has taught him what are their causes, and, therefore, how they may be prevented, and he has submitted the results of his studies to the world in this volume, showing the afflicted how they may heal themselves or be healed. It is a valuable contribution to surgical knowledge.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, M.D.* By GEORGE COMBE. Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart. 1850.

[FOURTH NOTICE.]

We make no apology for returning again to this delightful biography, so full of instruction for every reader—from whose pages the youngest to the oldest may glean invaluable information on the most practical concerns of life. Hence, our gleanings are rather of ANDREW COMBE's thoughts than of his acts.

There is great good sense in these remarks, addressed to a friend, on

FRIENDS TELLING FRIENDS THEIR FAULTS.

I do not say that you have no faults, but merely that the nature and objects of our intercourse have not been such as to call into play any worth commenting upon, except such as I have already adverted to. But if I knew of serious faults in you, I am doubtful whether I should tell you them plainly. I have thought a good deal on this subject, and have had some experience to guide me; and my impression is, that we exert a more healthful and permanent influence on another by giving every possible encouragement to the good parts of his character, than by direct notice of the bad; and that by thus strengthening the good, we give the person a

more discerning perception of his own failings, and a greater control over them, than we can ever attain by merely counselling him directly against his errors.

In proportion as a monitor within exceeds in weight and authority a monitor without, so does the one method excel the other. It is, besides, very difficult for two friends to preserve thorough confidence in each other after the direct notice of faults. In spite of our best endeavours, a feeling, however slight, of mortification creeps in to disturb the permanence of the influence; and though the fault may be corrected, that feeling may destroy the future power of the counsellor to benefit his friend. To take my own case, for example, I can truly say that when witnessing the never-failing kindness and sympathy shown by you and yours to the sufferings of your fellow-creatures, I have not only felt my own better feelings roused into purer and higher action, but I have felt my selfishness rebuked within me, and seen my deficiencies with a keener and more improving eye than if you, or any one else, had plainly told me that you perceived them, and wished to warn me against them. There are cases, and especially in the instance of the guardians of youth, in which the direct notice of faults is called for, and proves beneficial; but this seems to me to hold good only where the one possesses a natural authority over the other, and to which the other feels himself naturally subject. Among equals in mature age, I doubt the propriety or benefit of the plan of direct naming of faults, and whether we do not, in following it, transgress the rule of "Judge not," &c. We can rarely tell the precise motives of another.

If you cultivate and encourage the good in another's character, you necessarily strengthen the inward check, and leave the bad to languish in comparative inactivity. At the same time you risk no mortification, but, on the contrary, elicit confidence and mutual respect. Try the rule by your own experience, and I think you will agree with me.

Again, in June he visited Belgium, and was welcomed by the King and Queen as kindly as before. The picture is a very pleasing one.

Nothing could be more kind than the reception given me by the King and Queen of the Belgians. I saw a great deal of both their Majesties and of the two Princes, and was much gratified with all. The good Queen quite overwhelmed me the last two or three times I went, by expressing how grateful she felt for my kindness and interest in them, and hoping I would not forget them; nor, in truth, was the King less unreserved or less warm: after telling me that my opinions gave him great comfort, because he had confidence in them, he expressed a hope that I would return, as he could not afford to lose his hold of me; calling me, as he said so and shook me cordially by the hand, "Signor Dottore mio." I mention all this, not as a matter of boast, but as traits which I conceive highly amiable in them.

One day I had a very interesting conversation with the King about the treatment of criminals and the causes of crime, *à propos* of my opinion of the penitentiary at Ghent, which I had gone to see. It contains 1200 prisoners; and I told him I had been struck much more than in any other prison with the miserably low and contracted foreheads, and defective organization, of a large proportion of them, accompanied as it was by very low intelligence; and I pointed out the relation of this fact to the origin of crime. It was a subject he had evidently considered maturely, and he regretted that legislators so frequently made laws for facts without regard either to their external causes, or to their internal sources in human nature. He is evidently more and more liked by the Belgians; and I met some Orange people, who concur now in the almost universal impression in Belgium, that he has saved them from destruction, and carried them to great prosperity, by his prudence, uprightness, and conciliating spirit.

15th, Coblenz.—Here we are, after a delightful journey, in a lovely day, closed by magnificent flashes of lightning, which play upon the rivers and hills as I write, and give sublimity to the beautiful. I was kindly welcomed by the Princes this morning who expressed regret that I did not arrive early yesterday, that I might have accompanied them on an excursion with a party to the Drachenfels, which turned out very pleasant. They asked me to spend the day;

but as I could not, they gave me much excellent counsel about making the most of my time, and even about good and bad inns, and were altogether very kind.

In 1838 he addressed to the Master of the High School at Glasgow, the following advice on

## EXERCISE FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

For the early age of children at the infant school, I can scarcely say that I would advise any gymnastic apparatus. The organism is then so immature and delicate, that I should much prefer the cultivation of the natural motions of the body to any artificial exercises. I consider the great aims in infant training to be the promotion of physical health, and that moral improvement which results from the active exercise, in a right direction, of the moral powers, or, in other words, the active formation of character. The cultivation of intellect is generally much too prominent an object; and that of the moral faculties, as exercised in the conduct of the children towards each other and towards their seniors, is too much lost sight of. The playground and garden are excellent fields for eliciting moral manifestations, as well as for cultivating health; and I would shorten, as far as possible, the period of confinement within doors.

The physical training best adapted to the infant system seems to me to be that which elicits freely the natural movements of the limbs, joints, and trunk, in combination with a healthy and cheerful nervous impulse. Hence various kinds of play with balls, &c., marching (and even running) to the sound of music or in time, using constructive materials, and such kinds of exercise, seems to be best. My inventive faculties are not powerful enough to devise new games or exercises, but the principle at that age is to follow the indications of nature, and cultivate the graceful and efficient performance of easy and natural movements. Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, of this city, have greatly improved the physical training of their pupils, by substituting graceful exercises with the Indian sceptres, marching with a light weight on the head, &c., for the violent and distorting practices lately prevalent. A change of this kind, with more regard to moral action in the open air, and less to intellectual book-teaching and confinement, is what is wanted.

In 1840, he published his treatise on *The Management of Infancy*, which was no less successful than his former works had been. It continued to receive improvements as successive editions appeared. He thus addressed a female patient on

## THE NECESSITY OF EXERCISING THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

The nervous system, like all other parts, is most directly strengthened by exercise of its own functions. It is, therefore, of much consequence to keep the mind and feelings as fully employed, and as regularly exercised, as possible, and never to yield to the dislike for mental exertion which nervous debility generally brings along with it. And in that state, the best thing we can do, is to invite and encourage others to stir us up even against our will at the time, particularly as the feeling of inability is always much greater than the reality; and if we act upon the feeling, we are apt to allow our whole faculties of mind and body to become weakened from a mistaken belief of their unfitness for exercise. So sensible of this am I in my own experience, that scarcely a day passes in which I do not feel positively grateful for being obliged to exert myself, and to do many things, and to see many people, that, were I left to inclination, I fear I should often neglect; and the consequence is, that the more I have to do, and the greater exertion I am making, the more I am able to do, and the happier I become. Your system obeys the same laws; and therefore the more you force yourself to active communication with others, and the more you exercise your mind and encourage your friends to rouse you up, the more certainly and speedily will you acquire strength of mind and health of body.

In a letter to his brother, written in 1840, he introduces these seasonable remarks on

## INSANITY.

Two causes contribute powerfully to retard our know-

ledge of and control over insanity. The first is the prevailing notion of its mysterious origin and nature, as if it involved some deep moral stigma, or was inseparably bound up with something of horror, and altogether beyond the influence of the ordinary laws of animated nature. The second is the popular notion of the cruel treatment of lunatics, and the great aversion thence arising either to have the patients removed to an asylum, or even to admit that insanity really exists. Every effort is consequently made by both patient and friends to suppress and conceal the truth, and treatment is deferred from the early stage in which it can generally cure, to that later stage in which all the resources of art are too often unavailing. Before full justice can be done to the unhappy lunatic, these prejudices must be destroyed, and the wholesome and comforting truth made widely known that insanity is neither an anomalous visitation of a mysterious Providence, nor an infliction involving any stigma, or incapable of cure. The public must be taught to regard it simply as a disease of the body, arising from natural causes, governed by the ordinary laws of the animal economy, and, like other diseases, amenable to proper treatment when early attended to; and they must be led to regard asylums as infirmaries for the cure and kind treatment of that disease, and resort to them with the same confidence as they now do to other infirmaries for a fracture or a fever. Insanity, rightly considered, involves no moral stigma any more than consumption or inflammation, and the sooner the atmosphere of mystery and horror is cleared away from it, the happier for the unfortunate sufferers.

In 1841 his health began to decline rapidly: on the 28th of January, he was seized in the street with a spitting of blood. In February, he lost his sister, Mrs. Cox, to whom he was much attached. In March, he was confined to his bed for some days: afterwards, he went to London to take the opinion of Sir JAMES CLARK, who appears to have hesitated for some time to tell him the extent of his fears. He did so at last, and thus bravely does the philosopher write about his approaching death:—

I have now obtained what I long sought for in vain, the explicit opinion of Sir James Clark and of James Cox on my own state and prospects, and find that Sir James was anxious to make you fully aware that I might die before the end of the winter, and could not be expected to go on much beyond it, that you might arrange accordingly. A kind motive kept them from telling me earlier; but injudiciously. James Cox seemed so anxious for my going south, that, backed as he was by the opinions of other friends, I wavered at times, although satisfied in my own judgment, that no good and some considerable harm might result. Now, I take the whole responsibility on myself, and decide, once for all, that here I remain. The comforts of home and friends are nearly all that are left for me; and why throw them away? At present, however, matters move at such a pace that I do not wish you as yet to change your plans on my account. I have told Sir James that if, from the state of the heart or lungs, there is a considerable probability of a sudden finale, I should, in that case, consider it better for both you and myself, that you came home. Your presence would then be a comfort not only to me, but to yourself and the family. But if I am likely to go on for many months, I should not wish you to come yet. James Cox would see you and tell you all particulars, so that I need not repeat them. I am thankful to Providence for having been spared so long and allowed so much enjoyment. I am grateful also for present comfort; and if the future be within my power of bearing easily, I shall be more thankful still. Many things I would have liked still to do; but I have years of usefulness beyond what I once expected; and if I cannot do more, I have the satisfaction of having brought out my three books on Physiology, Digestion, and Infancy, not to mention that on Insanity,—which, I hope will help to give a better direction to the inquiries of others, and turn the public mind to things that there is great need of attending to. I may add that, ostensibly and externally, I am much as when you saw me, not suffering in any way, not looking worse than usual, and having no one grievance to complain of.

He carefully avoids prescribing for himself, making this admirable remark:—"We have not two brains, one to be sick, and another to judge soundly of the sick one's condition." It would be well if others would remember this.

At this melancholy time he wrote many letters, from which deeply interesting passages are given. We take one of them:

The late Rev. Mr. — of — stopped me one day, to say he had read my Physiology with great satisfaction, and that what pleased him greatly was the vein of genuine piety which pervaded every page—a piety uncontaminated by cant. Some of my good friends who have considered me a lax observer of the outward forms of piety, might laugh at this. Nevertheless, it gave me pleasure, because in my conscience I felt its truth. There is scarcely a single page in all my three physiological works, in which such a feeling was not active as I wrote. The unvarying tendency of my mind is to regard the whole laws of the animal economy, and of the universe, as the direct dictates of the Deity; and in urging compliance with them, it is with the earnestness and reverence due to a Divine command that I do it. I almost lose the consciousness of self in the anxiety to attain the end; and where I see clearly a law of God in our own nature, I rely upon its efficiency for good with a faith and peace which no storm can shake, and feel pity for those who remain blind to its origin, wisdom, and beneficence. I therefore say it solemnly, and with the prospect of death at no distant day, that I experienced great delight, when writing my books, in the consciousness that I was, to the best of my ability, expounding "the ways of God to man," and in so far fulfilling one of the highest objects of human existence. God was, indeed, ever present to my thoughts; but it was as the God of love, and not the God of wrath—as the God of mercy and justice, and not as the God of vengeance or oppression.

There is one part of my conduct which I rejoice at having adhered to, and which cost some sacrifice of feeling, viz., not having married. If there is one circumstance which demonstrates more clearly than another a practical unbelief, if not real ignorance, among my brethren, of the importance of physiology as a guide to the improvement and happiness of the race, it is the culpable recklessness with which medical men often marry, in flagrant opposition to the clearest evidence of constitutional infirmity or actual disease in themselves or their partners, and thus bring misery on themselves and their offspring. How very few see any harm or immorality in this! From the natural affections which I possess, I have always felt that man's highest happiness here must be based upon the gratification of his affections in the domestic circle; and, in my individual case, I believe few things could have added so much to my enjoyment as having a good wife and children. But one of the evils of my impaired health, was its having rendered these "forbidden fruits to me; and although I felt the deprivation, it is now a comfort to me to reflect that no one is involved in my fate except myself.

Here we pause again, because this volume is both a Biography and a Treatise on Practical Philosophy.

*Lives of the most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* Translated from the Italian of GEORGIO VASARI. With Notes and Illustrations, by Mrs. JONATHAN FOSTER. Vol. 1. London: Bohn.

LITERATURE and art will be indebted to Mr. BOHN for presenting to them the first complete translation of the delightful biographies of VASARI, whose name is probably more familiar to English readers than are his works. In his own country he has been so esteemed, that edition after edition of him has appeared, and commentators have piled notes upon notes, almost to the stifling of the text, as is the custom when an author arrives at the honour of being esteemed a classic. Ten of these editions are known, and the eleventh is now in course of publication. This popularity among those who are most competent to form a judgment of his merits is the best recommendation of him to English readers, who will welcome him in his English dress.

Thanks to Mrs. FOSTER, he wears it very gracefully. But she has not sacrificed truth to elegance, substance

to sound. If she could find no correlative phrase, she has preferred a wider and round-about sentence to one that would not have conveyed so accurately the writer's idea. This is a rare virtue in a translator, and when it is seen it should be honoured.

As for the Biographies, they are full of interest, as the lives of Painters always have been. VASARI was an industrious collector of facts, as well as a tasteful and scientific critic, and his narratives are amusing as stories, and instructive as essays. The air of antiquity is about him, and there is a harshness of expression and style that will probably grate upon some over-delicate nerves. But he is vigorous and truthful, and his very simplicity is a recommendation, if only as a delightful change from the affectations of modern writers, who think a great deal more of the manner of telling than of the thing told. This first volume of one of the most acceptable additions yet made to Mr. BOHN's inimitable *Standard Library*, commences with CIMABUE in 1240, and closes with MICHELLOZZI, in 1470.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, carried on by order of the British Government in the years 1835, 1836, and 1837.* By Lieutenant-Colonel CHESNEY, Commander of the Expedition. Vols. 1 and 2. Longman and Co.

So long ago as 1834, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire which was the most practicable route to India,—by the Euphrates or the Red Sea. An expedition to survey the Euphrates was recommended and approved by Parliament, who voted a sum for the purpose. Two iron steamers were fitted out, so built as to take to pieces. They were transported to the mouth of the Orontes, there taken to pieces, and conveyed by rafts and waggons to Bir, a town on the Euphrates, where they were again put together, and on the 16th of March, 1836, under the command of Colonel CHESNEY, they commenced the descent of the river, being then about 117 miles from its mouth.

The two volumes lately issued contain the commencement only of the very elaborate report which has been prepared of the results of the survey, not merely as a mercantile matter, or a Post-office question, but also for investigation into the geology, geography, and natural history of the district through which they passed.

The first volume is little more than introductory, giving a geographical sketch of that portion of Asia, with a disquisition on its principal river, and a summary of all that is known about them. The second volume scarcely brings us to the beginning of the personal narrative of their adventures, which were not few. From the immense mass of science gathered in the volumes before us, we can only attempt to glean a few passages here and there. It would be impossible to convey any notion of the variety and value of their contents, within any limits we can command in this chronicle of literature. The general description we have given of the nature of those contents must suffice to recommend the work as a substantial addition to our knowledge of the world's surface.

Colonel CHESNEY conveys a very different idea from the popular one of

#### THE DESERTS OF ARABIA.

These unpromising tracts have probably given rise to the belief that Arabia is merely a vast arid desert, either interspersed with spots of fertile ground, or almost entirely a desert; whereas, the greater part is of the fourth kind, called Barr by the Arabs, which, in fact, is merely an uncultivated land, diversified with hill and



dale, like the Dorsetshire downs. It bears the liquorice plant and some aromatic shrubs, and thousands of sheep feed upon a thin short grass, which grows in almost every part of the country at present known to us. Moreover, we learn from sacred as well as profane history, that the Ethiopians, the Assyrians, the Hebrews, and the Egyptians, crossed the wilderness of Arabia at various times with immense armies, and, consequently, the country could not then have been a barren desert; the practicability of such movements was evident to me in my two journeys from and to Damascus. During the first, which was towards the end of the autumn of 1830, the coolness, even in the day time, rendered a cloudless sky desirable, whilst we suffered severely from frost at night; in the second journey, which was in the summer of 1837, the heat was very oppressive during the greater part of the day, but the nights were most agreeable. We were gratified also from sunset to day-break, and more especially in the evenings and mornings, by the sweetly cheering notes of the nightingale, issuing from the liquorice bushes, which generally covered the plain; but as we approached the lower temperature at the foot of the Syrian mountains, we no longer heard this unexpected tenant of the wilderness.

#### He notices some remarkable

##### ASSYRIAN SECTS.

There are besides two remarkable sects, one of which, called the Mendajaha (disciples of John), is found scattered in small communities in Basrah, Kurnah, Mohammarah, and, lastly, Sheikh el Shayukh, where there are about three hundred families. Those of Basrah are noticed by Pietro de la Valle, who says the Arabs call them Sabians. Their religion is evidently a mixture of Paganism, Hebrew Muhammadan, and Christian. They profess to regulate their lives by a book called the Sidra, containing many moral precepts, which, according to tradition, have been handed down from Adam, through Seth and Enoch; and it is understood to be in their language (the Chaldee), but written in a peculiar character. They abhor circumcision, but are very particular in distinguishing between clean and unclean animals, and likewise in keeping the Sabbath with extraordinary strictness. The Psalms of David are in use, but they are held to be inferior to their own book. They abstain from garlic, beans, and several kinds of pulse, and likewise most carefully from every description of food between sunrise and sunset during a whole moon before the vernal equinox; in addition to which, an annual festival is kept, called the feast of five days. Much respect is entertained for the city of Mecca, and a still greater reverence for the Pyramids of Egypt, in one of which they believe that their great progenitor, Saba, son of Seth, is buried; and to his original residence at Haran they make very particular pilgrimages, sacrificing on these occasions a ram and a hen. They pray seven times a-day, turning sometimes to the south and sometimes to the north. But, at the same time, they retain a part of the ancient worship of the heavenly bodies, adding that of angels, with the belief that the souls of the wicked are to enjoy a happier state after nine hundred centuries of suffering. The priests, who are called sheikhs, or chiefs, use a particular kind of baptism, which, they say, was instituted by St. John; and the Chaldee language is used in this and other ceremonies.

The other religion, that of a more numerous branch, the Yezidis, is, in some respects, like the Mendajaha, but with the addition of the evil principle, the exalted doctor, who, as an instrument of the divine will, is propitiated rather than worshipped, as had been once supposed. The Yezidis reverence Moses, Christ, and Muhammed, in addition to many of the saints and prophets held in veneration both by Christians and Moslems. They adore the sun, as symbolical of Christ, and believe in an intermediate state after death. The Yezidis of Sinjar do not practise circumcision, nor do they eat pork; but they freely partake of the blood of other animals. Their manners are simple, and their habits, both within and without, remarkable for cleanliness. They are, besides, brave, hospitable, sober, faithful, and, with the exception of the Muhammedan, are inclined to tolerate other religions; they are, however, lamentably deficient in every branch of education. Polygamy is not permitted, and the tribes intermarry with each other. The families of the father and sons live under

the same roof; and the patriarchal system is carried out still further, each village being under its own hereditary chief.

#### This was the

##### DISTANT ASPECT OF JERUSALEM.

When approached by the ordinary pilgrim route, Jerusalem has something of a desolate appearance, presenting at the top of a stony valley a range of turreted limestone walls, above which appear only a few of the most elevated dwellings, and some of the cupolas and minarehs; whilst, like most other eastern cities, the interior is but a succession of dull streets and dead walls, sloping eastward, interspersed, however, with gaudy churches and heavy-looking convents. But when raised from the heights near the eastern side, the effect is particularly striking, the whole city being seen from thence in complete detail. The Mount of Olives, or Jebel-el Tar, commands, to the southward, a view towards Bethlehem and some of the hill country of Judea; and eastward is seen part of the valley of Santa Saba, with the Dead Sea glittering beyond, at the foot of the mountains of Arabia Petrea. But, westward, the scenery is still more remarkable; in this direction, Mount Olive descends rapidly into the deep ravine of Kidron, on the slope near the bottom of which is the garden of Gethsemane, and a little lower the tomb of the Virgin Mary; also those of Jehosaphat, Absalom, and Zachariah. On the sloping crest beyond this deep and narrow valley stands the city itself; which, in addition to many public buildings, contains upwards of 3,000 good houses, distributed in four separate quarters, which cover as many hills, the whole being enclosed by lofty walls, flanked by square towers. The city has the shape of an irregular lozenge, whose western side skirts the valley of Gihon, while its southern side runs along that of Ben Hinnom; the northern side is near the hill of Titus; and, lastly, the eastern side runs almost north and south along the valley of Jehosaphat, having in the centre the gate of St. Stephen; just southward of the latter, rising above the walls, is Mount Moriah, whose buildings are the foreground and principal part of the panorama. The quadrangular terrace on which they stand occupies about one-fifth of the area of the city, being about 500 yards from north to south, with an average width of nearly 300 yards from east to west. Almost in the centre are the graceful minarehs of the mosque of 'Omar, which, with its arcades, courts, and innermost enclosure, almost rivals the great and costly edifice of Solomon, which it has replaced.

Colonel CHESNEY has ascertained the site of Paradise to be Central Arminia, so he says, and he identifies the rivers named in the Bible.

#### This was

##### THE SCENERY OF THE TAURUS.

A few miles westward of Marash a change takes place, and the chain presents three distinct naked ridges, each of which is composed of masses of rock with conical summits, having nearly equal elevations: since snow remains on the ridges throughout the summer, that elevation must be considerable; and it increases on approaching the Pylæ Cilicia, where it is about 13,000 feet. The vast masses of limestone, of which the chain is almost entirely composed, are usually separated by wild and deep parallel ravines, which are either shut in by steep wooded acclivities, or vertical precipices, through which passages are effected at intervals, but with much difficulty. The scenery, though far superior, may, in some respects, be compared to that of the Tyrol; and the paths being carried some hundreds of feet above the foot of the mountain, afford, along the side of the Durdun Tagh, and near the bed of the Jaihun, some of the wildest and grandest views of nature.

Colonel CHESNEY notices a fact, little known in Europe, and which may make many Christians blush at the toleration of the Turks. They neither persecute by law nor by opinion; they permit all sorts of Mahommedans to enjoy equal rights, privileges and respect, however broad or slight their differences. It is strange that the professors of a religion whose principle is toleration should be in practice intolerant;

while the professors of a creed, intolerant in principle, are extremely tolerant in practice. Why is it?

#### Now for a picture of

##### PALMYRA.

Palmyra does not consist of mere heaps of mounds, like the ruins of Akkad, Babylon, Chalne, Nineveh, Sus, and Troy, with some of which it was no doubt contemporary: for having been reconstructed with durable materials, the principal buildings yet remain to attest its ancient grandeur. The city of Palens has not, however, the striking boldness of Baalbec, nor the unique character of Persepolis; nor is its general aspect equal to the *coup d'œil* of Jerash, from the great temple; yet, from its situation, touching a wide-spreading wilderness on the one side, and a mountain range, rising like a huge wall abruptly from the plain, on the other, it produces, in some respects, an effect beyond that of the cities just mentioned. It displays ruined colonnades, temples, and arches, extending about a mile and a half westward of the temple of the Sun, with a wilderness of columns in every state, from the most finished specimens of art, to that of complete destruction. A closer examination is not, however, free from disappointment, in consequence of the mixed nature of the architecture, and the columns being of different ages and various sizes.

#### This is an admirable sketch of

##### THE BEDOUINS.

It is difficult to imagine any contrast more striking than that which is presented by the Bedawin in a town, and the same man when breathing the air of the desert. In the latter case, although indifferent to the beauties of nature, his spirits become elevated, the indolence and silence which characterises him in a town is exchanged for the highest degree of animation; and he indulges his lively imagination in inventing or relating tales, and at intervals, on a journey, screaming out some wild song, which, however agreeable to himself and encouraging to his camel, is anything but harmonious to a stranger. His cheerful disposition, his frugal repast, and an active, hardy life, are well calculated to secure the best possible state of health, with unimpaired faculties, till an advanced age; his quickness of sight and hearing are scarcely exceeded by those of the North American Indians, and the habits of an erratic life have taught him to trace the footsteps of any particular individual or animal. This singular power is called *kiafat*, or *ath*, according to Burckhardt, and is said to be more particularly possessed by the tribe of Moodij. An Arab has been known to trace the footsteps of his camel for six days along a sandy valley which has been crossed in every direction by thousands of other footsteps, and also to name every individual who had passed. He is accustomed, also, by placing the mark of his foot at a certain spot, in a particular direction, to make known to his friends that he has been there, and also the route he has taken. His tact enables him to find his way across the desert, independently of the compass, which is rarely used by him on land.

#### Here is Colonel CHESNEY's account of

##### THE ARAB STEED.

Elsewhere, individuals of this species may be more showy, and even more powerful, but it is only in Arabia that the horse is found in a state bordering on perfection. Here he is remarkable for a small head with pointed ears, peculiarly clean muscular limbs, a corresponding delicate slender shape, rather small size, and large animated eyes, expressing that intelligence which, as in the dog, is the consequence of being constantly with the members of his master's family; in fact, he generally shares their meals. He is frequently allowed to frolic through the camp like a dog, and at other times he is piquetted at the entrance of the tent; he is exposed to the weather at all times, and compared with the treatment of his species in Europe, he is scantily fed. A meal after sunset, consisting of barley, in some parts of the country, and camel's milk in others, or a paste of dates and water, which in Nedjd is mixed with dried clover and other herbs, constitutes his usual sustenance; but on any extraordinary exertion being required, flesh is frequently given, either raw or boiled. The Bedawins count five noble breeds of horses, all, it is

understood, derived originally from Nedjd, viz., the tanyse, the manekeye, the koheyl or koklani, the saklawye, and the julfa; of which the last and koklani are particularly prized. The julfa, a small active animal, capable of enduring great fatigue, belongs to the province of El Ah'sa; the other, which is larger, is from Yemen, or more properly Nedjd, and is most valued. Of the choice breeds there are many branches; there are besides, other breeds, which are considered secondary, and every mare of noble blood, if particularly swift and handsome, may give rise to a new stock. The catalogue of distinct breeds in the desert is therefore almost endless, and the pedigrees of individuals are verified by certificates which are handed down from father to son with infinite care, and not unfrequently they belong to more than one family, for there is often a co-partnership in mares, and hence arises the difficulties attending the purchase of one. It is, however, certain that the Arab horses deteriorate when taken elsewhere, although both sire and dam may be of first-rate breeds; by the latter, and not the former, as with us, the Arabs trace the blood. The prevailing colours are a clear bay, sorrel, white, chesnut, gray, brown, and black; but the number of horses in Arabia is comparatively few; their places, for almost every purpose in life, being supplied by camels.

#### Let us take a peep at

##### MOUNT LEBANON.

It is almost entirely composed of masses of limestone, rising abruptly from the valley of Zahle and Baalbec, or Coele Syria, on the eastern side, whilst on the western, there is a succession of lower mountains forming wooded basins and rich valleys, which extend from thence to the sea coast, northward of Beirut. As the crests of this part of the great range are covered with perpetual snow, they must have a very great elevation; on their steep sides are forests of pines, oaks, and other timber, while at the intervals are plantations of mulberries; and grain is cultivated on a succession of narrow terraces, supported by stone walls. In certain places these little gardens completely encircle the mountain basins, for which this part of the country is so remarkable, giving to them, in consequence, the appearance of gigantic amphitheatres, of which the scattered flat-roofed cottages seem to form separations between successive rows of seats. Rich and varied scenery of this kind, interspersed with convents, vineyards, villages, and towns, prevails on the western slopes of the principal chain (Jabel el Drus), which inclines rather west of south, keeping usually at the distance of 12 or 15 miles from the coast, till, a little way south of Kal'at-esh-shukif, it is broken by the Nahr Kasimiyeh or Leontes.

Colonel CHESNEY has not a good report to make of

##### THE PERSIANS.

To the Persian have been attributed many of the worst qualities of human nature; and his thoughtless extravagance is of itself a root from which many evil branches cannot fail to spring. He is notorious for a total disregard of truth, and for the fraud with which his ordinary dealings are conducted. He is devoid of shame in private life, and as insensible to disgrace in public; and provided he can escape punishment, the most dishonest artifices are viewed as legitimate means of accomplishing his ends. He is guilty of the most shameful debauchery, and superstitious as well as hypocritical in religious matters. He is also faithless in friendship, subject to strong prejudices, and of a revengeful disposition. His minor faults are garrulity and a love of vain display, to which last even personal comforts and cleanliness are too often sacrificed; he is remarked for a dogmatical and egotistical bearing, and a haughty demeanour towards inferiors, with, as usual in such dispositions, the utmost servility towards those above him. This dark picture is not, however, without brighter spots. Owing to his politeness towards strangers, and an apparently hospitable disposition, the first meeting with a Persian usually makes a favourable impression; though the offer of his house means no more than the Spanish compliment in like cases. He is, moreover, quick-sighted, sociable, witty, and affable; buoyant in spirits, well acquainted with the forms of politeness, and, to a certain extent, inquisitive in matters of science and art; and, it may be added, of a

tolerant disposition in religious matters, unless when his prejudices against the Sunnies happen to be awakened. Though not now confined to water and the simple diet of the time of Cyrus, the Persian is moderate in his food, and not only capable of changing the sloth of his harem for most active exertions, but likewise of continuing them under the greatest privations. The courage of the Persian is not of the higher order, but it is far from being defective when brought to the test. The profession of arms, as in ancient times, still occupies the first place in the estimation of a Persian; and, if any particular trait might be selected to designate a character which cannot be trusted, and yet ought not to be despised, it is his application to the exercises of the field, and plundering forays against neighbouring tribes. The Persian, like the modern Kurd and Turkoman, is almost always mounted; and, having been trained from his infancy, he is one of the most expert horsemen in the world. He is, in fact, quite unrivalled in his skillful management of the animal when ascending the steep sides of rocky mountains, which by most persons would be considered altogether inaccessible for a horseman. The Bakhtiyari and other tribes, maintaining a kind of half independence in the mountains, are also very expert riders; but every Persian, man and boy, is a finished horseman, and particularly skillful in loading and firing from the back of the animal. Like his Parthian ancestors, he can turn round when pursued, and fire his gun directly in the rear. He then gallops off at full speed, hanging down from his saddle on the off side in such a way that the greater part of his body is covered by the horse. It is not an uncommon thing to see a Persian, whilst going at a brisk pace, stoop down, take a sheep, or even a much smaller object from the ground, and carry it off with unrelaxed speed.

#### And this is his character of

##### THE TURKS.

Although of a grave, phlegmatic, and even a listless exterior, the Turk is remarkable for his gentleness towards his children, and he makes no difference between them and his slaves or other servants. In addition to alms to the widow and the orphan, his generosity is frequently exercised in constructing mosques, khans, and fountains; trees and burial-grounds are his delight; and horses, dogs, cats, and pigeons share in his consideration: scarcely anywhere else are birds so tame and so much linked with mankind as they are in Turkey; even children respect their nests, and it is not by any means uncommon to find tombstones on which, in addition to the sculptured devices indicating the vocation and sometimes also the manner of the death of the deceased, a little basin has been hollowed out by the workmen, in which the smaller birds find a supply of water. These tombstones are usually beneath the shade of a cypress tree or a rose bush.

In summing up the character, it may here be observed that, truth, openness, and candour, contentment, and entire resignation to his lot, are qualities seldom denied by any one to the Turk; his memory is extraordinary, and his judgment is generally sound, while the safety of travellers, as well as the attention commonly paid to them, sufficiently proves his fidelity and hospitality. Religion, such as it is, being founded upon the Koran, pervades almost every act of his life, and mixes with every occupation. Frequent prayer is universally practised, whether the individual be in the bath, the field, the coffee-house, or the mosque; and, as alms are freely bestowed, abject poverty may be said to be scarcely known in the country.

#### We will now look in upon

##### DAMASCUS.

This city, to which are applied the epithets, Eden of the Muslim, one of the Gates of the Kasba, and the Eye of the East, occupies the centre of a tract of productive fields and luxuriant garden ground. Like a pearl in the desert, it is situated near the eastern slopes of the anti-Lebanon, and its territory forms the principal part of the territory of El Gutha, a district containing about 80 villages, which probably represents the ancient and limited kingdom of Aram or Syria of Damascus. With the exception of the suburb of Salahiyyah, a mile and a half to the northwest of the city of Praise, and the city of Joy, as it has been designated, occupies level ground, and the view from the suburb, as well as that from the

opening of the hills beyond, is strikingly beautiful. The mass of the town forms a triangle, one side of which extends nearly three miles N.W. by W. from Salahiyyah, and another almost an equal distance N.E. by N. It is surrounded by the remains of its ancient walls, and within is a castellated citadel, besides the usual proportion of khans, baths, serais, sparkling cupolas, and tapering minarets; it is embosomed in flower and fruit gardens, dotted here and there with numerous kiosks shaded with trees, the whole forming a wooded belt at least thirty miles in circumference, which terminates on one side in an almost boundless wilderness. The interior of the city is not unlike, but on the whole, it is rather superior to, its younger sister, Grand Cairo, and its character is more particularly oriental; perhaps more strikingly so throughout than even Baghdad or Ispahan.

Very interesting and graphic is this description of

##### THE HELLESPONT.

The Hellespont issues from the Sea of Marmora, near Gallipoli, a town on the European side, which, in addition to a population of about 70,000 inhabitants, is of importance, as its road is the anchorage and place of departure for the Ottoman fleet. A little lower, on the Asiatic side, there is another Turkish town of some size, called Lampsaki, close to which the current sweeps as before, nearly south-west, to the bay of Sestos, a distance of about twenty miles, with an ordinary width of from two and a half to three miles. This bay presents the rich and varied scenery which terminates the two great continents, whose shores are bordered by ranges of elevated wooded hills, clothed with productive vineyards, intermixed with groves of chesnut trees and oaks, together with broom, arbutus, cistus, and myrtle. At the ancient Sestos the stream becomes narrower, and takes a S.S.E. direction as it passes Abydos and proceeds to the town of Charnak Kal'eh-si (Pottery Castle); from the last place it flows S.W. for three miles to Point Berber, and from thence onward through interesting scenery, in the same direction, but rather increasing in width, for a distance of nine and three quarter miles to the Egean Sea. The castles of Seddu-l-Bahr (Barrier of the Sea) and Eski Sarik occupy the horns of a bay close to the entrance on the European side; and nearly opposite to the former, on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, is the more formidable work of Kum Kal'eh-si, mounting 84 guns, 52 of which (18 of them being for stone shot) form a cross fire with nearly 60 guns of various calibres on the other side. The distance from castle to castle is almost two miles, and there is the additional difficulty of a current of three miles per hour to be stemmed by an ascending fleet from thence to Cape Berber. At this passage, which is one mile and three-quarters wide, commence those defences which become so formidable on approaching the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, where an increased current and a sharp bend combine to give effect to different batteries mounting about 600 guns, most judiciously placed, so as not only to give a cross fire at the distance of 760 yards, but likewise to rake ships at certain places; and this without causing any injury to the works on the opposite side. The European castle of Kilidu-l-Bahr (Key of the Sea), resembles some of the baronial castles on the Rhine, but with the addition of a heavy battery called Namasiyah below it, and several on different points above; some of these are armed with ordinary garrison guns, and others with guns adapted for stone-shot. They are usually but little above the surface of the water, and the last, in going upwards, is Chamli Burnu (Pine Point), a battery of 30 guns, on the point of Sestos, probably near the spot where the famous bridge of Xerxes touched the European shore. On a projecting point opposite to Kilidu-l-Bahr is the Asiatic castle, Tehannak Kalesi, having, like the other, heavy batteries on each flank looking up and down the stream; in addition to which there is one of a semicircular form on Point Berber, three miles from thence in the latter direction, and two others on the horns of the bay eastward of the castle; the more distant of these, which is called Nakarah Burnu (Cape Drum), is a stonework, mounting about 84 guns, nearly on the site of Abydos. About two-thirds of the guns commanding the Straits of the Dardanelles are on moveable carriages, but the remainder are solidly fixed on two huge blocks of wood nearly level with the Hellespont. The calibre of these ponderous guns varies from eighteen inches to three feet in



diameter; and, as their muzzles project beyond the face of the work, they must necessarily be loaded outside of the embrasures; and they are, in consequence, kept ready to fire at anything coming within the direct line. No vessel is permitted to pass except between sun-rise and sun-set, when a Tezkerah, or pass, must be obtained from the authorities for this purpose. The castles and defences are intrusted to a Mir Miran, or superior pasha, who resides in the Asiatic castle, around which is the town, containing about 9,000 souls, and several potteries; but, owing to the marshes westward, towards the plains of Troy, it is at certain seasons very unhealthy.

#### We conclude with a curious notice of THE EARLY INHABITANTS OF SYRIA.

It is not improbable that the territory at the southwestern extremity of the Pashalik of Aleppo contains a tribe of Syrians, who are the descendants of the earliest people of the country; they occupy the ravines on the northern slopes of Jebel-el Akrah, and Anti-Casius, as well as some of those on Mount Rhodus and the Amanus; and they live in small secluded villages. Their houses usually have sloping roofs, covered with tiles; and the better kind contain two small rooms for the family, with others for the animals; but in general there is only a single apartment, one end of which is appropriated to the animals, and the other to the family; a kind of separation being formed by a row of high conical earthen vessels, called kowari, which contain grain, flour, &c. The building is either of wood and clay, or rubble masonry; and is frequently within or adjoining a mulberry garden. Agriculture, and the care of silk-worms, with the preparation of silk—which last is chiefly performed by the women and children—are the occupations of the people. They have some good horses, and numerous bullocks for farming purposes. The dress of these Syrians consists of a coarse muslin turban, twisted round the head, like that of the Bedawins; also a long and coarse cloak, of white woollen, with common boots, or shoes. The women's dress is likewise of home manufacture, and they do not cover the face.

The food is particularly simple, consisting principally of eggs, milk, and coarse bread, with a large proportion of cucumbers, water-melons, and other vegetables. They appear to be unacquainted with the tenets of the Koran; and, not having any knowledge of a sabbath, their mysterious rites have been thought to be connected with some kind of idolatry; be this, however, as it may, it is but right to observe that, during our lengthened intercourse with this people, we almost invariably found them well disposed, and of a particularly gentle and retiring disposition. Indeed, before the arrival of the Egyptian Pasha, the existence of this branch of the Syrian people scarcely seems to have been known.

We have been thus copious in our extracts, because the book is an expensive one, and, therefore, not likely ever to come into the hands of a considerable portion of our readers. It is, however, just the work for a book club.

*Gazpacho; or Summer Months in Spain.* By WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Parker. 1850.

It is just now the fashion to dub with a distinctive title every book of travels, and the conceits that have been resorted to for this purpose are positively ludicrous. They come in groups, one manifestly suggesting the other. Thus we had the *Crescent and the Cross*, successful, and followed forthwith by a whole flight of imitations. *The Shoe and the Canoe*, and *The Tarantas*, being the latest mimics, to which we have now to add *Gazpacho*. What is the meaning of this mysterious name? What has it to do with Mr. CLARK's volume? For the reader's information, then, be it known, that this is the name of a dish universal in use and peculiar to Spain. It is a sort of cold soup made of bread, pot-herbs, oil and water. Its materials are easily come by, and its concoction requires no skill." If such it be, it may be

asked why Mr. CLARK has given to his narrative the name of this mess? What has it to do with the summer tour of a respectable gentleman in Spain? Should we not laugh at the affectations of a Frenchman who should entitle a tour in England "Beefsteak?" Yet is not the conceit less absurd of dubbing a tour in Spain with the title of a national dish. This sort of silliness upon the title-page creates an immediate impression adverse to the author. It is difficult to attribute good sense to a man who would be guilty of such folly, or to hope for anything solid and worthy in a volume that opens with so wretched an affectation. Most persons will probably be inclined to throw it down again, after glancing at such a title-page. But in so doing they would be judging Mr. CLARK too hastily. He is not so conceited in fact, as he would have himself appear; there is really a fair amount of common sense and keen observation of men and things in this book. As a tour in Spain, it would have received a hearty welcome, but as *Gazpacho* it is not unlikely to be deemed by wittlings to be what its title means, that is to say, a batch of disagreeable and vulgar materials, rudely thrown together, and as Mr. CLARK terms it, such as are "easily come by, and its concoction requiring no skill."

The tour here recorded was made in the summer of 1849. Mr. CLARK's route was through Paris, to Bourdeaux, thence to St. Sebastian. He reached Madrid in a diligence; from the capital to Toledo and Granada by the same species of conveyance; from Granada he made a detour into the unfrequented provinces of the Alpujarrez and Sierra, on horseback: returning to Granada, he journeyed thence to Malaga in a mayoral; crossed the country to visit Gibraltar from the land side; thence to Seville, by such conveyances as he could procure, and from Seville to Cadiz by steam.

The prevalent belief, among even the well-informed in England is, that Spain is a very unsafe country for the tourist. It is said that life and property are not secure there, especially in those parts of it which are most beautiful, the highland districts. Added to this, visitors have been warned against the inconveniences of travel there: the inn accommodations are represented as vile; the rooms dirty and insect haunted; the larder scanty and coarse, and the charges exorbitant. According to Mr. CLARK, these stories are exaggerations. He asserts that a tour in Spain is as practicable and as pleasant as in Italy or Syria; the people are honest and obliging; the hotels not disagreeable in bed or board, and the landlords not rogues. For the few annoyances which belong to travelling in any country not regularly frequented by visitors, there is ample recompense in the extreme beauty of the scenery, in the novelty of the aspect, manners and costumes of the people, in the splendour of the climate and the excitement of wandering where all the world has not been. The results of his observations Mr. CLARK has described in a lively and graphic strain, and altogether there is more of novelty and amusement to be found in this volume than could have been anticipated from the title-page. A few extracts will prove this assertion.

From the first chapter, we take an incident that occurred in his journey to Paris. It should be premised, that the news of the insurrection having broken out there had just arrived. It is characteristic.

Next morning we set sail (metaphorically) for France. The passengers, thanks to the attempted émeute, were only four in number. There were two little French milliners, who, having come to London to see the fashions (a proud tribute to our advancing civilization), had been suddenly recalled "by the alarming news" aforesaid. One was going back for the love of her husband, the other for company. "Il est si vil," said Adèle, tearfully; "il se battra dans les rues à coup sûr." "How old is he?" I asked. "Il a vingt ans, Monsieur." "Et le mien, au contraire," said Louise, coldly, "est très prudent; il restera chez soi." "And how old is he?" "Il a soixante ans, Monsieur." Poor Louise. The weather was so fine, that if Adèle was sick at heart she was at least free from the mal-aucœur; and La Manche, smooth as satin, floated us in two hours into the harbour of Boulogne. On landing, the gens-d'armes saluted me as "Monsieur." We were not under a Red Republic; nor, if I might judge from the sentiments of my fellow travellers to Paris, were we likely to be. They purchased chiefly the *Assemblée Nationale*, and applied more epithets to Ledra-Rollin than I care to record or remember. True it is, I travelled in the first class; but subsequent experience convinced me that reactionary views were very generally entertained by the lower classes too,—by cabmen, &c., whose vehicles had been confiscated for barricades, and bakers, who had suffered from the fraternal visits of the sovereign mob, breaking bread and windows from house to house. The minds of coachmen were no longer unsettled; the very postillions had forsaken the movement party: one of them, after exhausting his rich national vocabulary of abuse on a lazy horse, ground his teeth, and shrieked out as a final malediction, "Bribon de Raspail, va!"

#### Let us take a peep into the

##### THEATRE AT MADRID.

In default of a *soirée*, there was always the theatre to go to. There was only one company then playing, of inferior actors (for all the stars at that season wander about to enlighten the provincial darkness.) Be the acting never so bad, it is always a good lesson in Spanish. This company had adjourned during the summer, for coolness, to the Circo del Barquillo—the Astley's of Madrid; an edifice with wooden walls and canvass roof. All the arrangements are decidedly veterinary. Stalls and loose boxes are fitted up as dressing-rooms for the nonce, and there is a very pervading odour of sawdust. The entrée behind the scenes (that hopeless ambition of the London youth) is here accorded to the whole audience; and between the acts the kings and queens of the stage walk about in their royal robes in the adjoining yard, sipping lemonade or smoking cigarettes, utterly regardless of dramatic effect. The comedy in Castilian is generally followed by a dance, and that by an Andalusian farce, then another dance, and another farce to conclude. As fresh pieces are produced every night, the actors have no time to learn their parts, and thus they repeat, like so many parrots, after the prompter, whose suggestions are audible to the whole house. Apparently, the spectators are not critical, and seem to care very little what is done on the stage, except during the ballet. The chief attraction at that time was La Senorita Vargas, a stately southern beauty, with a latent ferocity in her dark eyes that made her look rather like a queen of tragedy than a dancer. Who knows whether she may not become a queen in reality some day? Germany has a few thrones left still.

Much as we have heard of the famous Spanish bull-fights, the following will probably be new to the reader.

##### GETTING UP A BULL FIGHT.

One day I was present at a *funcion de novillas*—a kind of juvenile bull-fight, in which young beasts are brought to be bullied, and, if possible, killed by young men. It is a kind of parody of a real bull-fight—nothing of its pomp and circumstance and danger; a farce instead of a tragedy—very grotesque and ludicrous. For instance, a man in night-gown and night-cap is brought in upon a bed, shamming sickness, and is placed in the middle of the arena. Then a young bull, with his horns sheathed in corks, is let in; of course he rushes at the only prominent object—the bed, and turns it over

and over; the sick man taking care so to dispose the mattresses and bolsters that the animal may spend his fury upon them and not upon him.

At another time several men are set upright in round wicker baskets, about five feet high, with neither top nor bottom. The bull charges these, one after the other, knocks them down, and rolls them along with his horns. It is great fun to watch the evident perplexity of the beast when he sees their spontaneous motion. Then, when his back is turned, the attendants jump over the barrier and set the baskets on their legs again; and the same joke is repeated till one is tired of it.

The unpractised matadors generally fail in attempting the fatal stroke; so the poor defenceless animal has to be despatched by means of the media luna, an instrument, as its name imports, shaped like a half-moon, and attached to a long pole. Armed with this, a man comes elly behind and ham-strings him; after which he is feloniously slain with a knife plunged through the spinal vertebra. We could not refrain from loudly expressing our disgust at this barbarity, to the great amusement of our neighbours, to whom the spectacle was familiar. An English lady was sitting not far off, and looked on without the slightest change of colour. I charitably hoped that she was roused for the nonce.

A capital specimen of the author's cheerful style, and of the kind of adventures he met with in the remoter places he visited, is this account of

#### A SCENE IN THE ALPUJARREZ.

The posada presented the most wretched and forlorn aspect, and the accommodation inside did not belie the promise of its exterior. To my inquiries respecting supper—(my readers must pardon my perpetual references to the victualling department, for really these mountain rides develop an appetite unknown to persons engaged in the more usual sedentary occupations of life)—I say, then, to my inquiries respecting supper I received most disheartening replies. I ran through the whole gamut of larder and pantry in a descending scale, lessening my demands as I went on. "Had they any mutton?" I asked—"No." "Chicken?"—"No." "Bacon?"—"No." "Eggs?"—"No." "Wine?"—"No." "Bread?"—"No." Here was a predicament!—and my saddle-bags were emptied (chiefly, I believe, by the surreptitious nibbling of my Sancho.) However, they promised to send out and buy some bread and wine; and I also stipulated for some mulberries, for I had seen many trees by the wayside jewelled with rich purple fruit. While this primitive repast was being provided, I wandered about the environs of the hamlet. Some of the women, sitting at their open doors, were singularly beautiful,—Medoras or Gulares all,—in striking contrast with the women of Ujijhar or Lanjaron. Just out of the village I saw several families, each on its own "era," or threshing-floor, busily engaged in beating out the corn. The dress of the men was exceedingly primitive, consisting of a shirt, and wide drawers reaching to the knee, which were, or had been, white. My appearance and northern complexion seemed to excite their wonder: long after I had gone by, on turning round I could see them still pausing in their work to gaze after me. A passing stranger is a sight passing strange at Mairena. . . . Deeds of blood are not unfamiliar in the Alpujarrez, to judge from the number of mortuary crosses we passed about half-a-league from Mairena. Mine host could not, or would not, give me any information respecting them. All he would say was, "Tiempo de los Moros." Some looked as if they had been erected in 1849. We followed a rugged path over the side of a bleak wild hill, until, after crossing the rocky bed of a torrent, it merged in a more beaten track, and by-and-by we overtook a fine bright-eyed lad, riding on a mule. He came, he told me, from Arolles (one of the mountain hamlets I had seen from Mairena), and he was very communicative with respect to the place and all it contained. He was just telling me how, the day before, the only child of an arriero had been drowned in a well, his father being absent at Calahorra (the place I was bound for), when we descried in the distance a train of mules. On nearer approach, we could see a man riding on the last mule, with arms folded and head bent, neither smoking nor singing. "That," said the boy, "is the poor father." "Ha, Don Diego," he cried, when we met him, "sad

news from Arolles."—"Ya lo sé," replied the father quietly, and rode on. The ill news had flown fast. There was not a trace of emotion on the father's face; the wound, doubtless, as deep wounds do, was bleeding inwardly. After leaving the boy, whose heavily-laden beast could not keep pace with ours, my precious guide lost his way and mine, so we had at last to dismount and scramble down the side of a hill so steep, that I was compelled to clutch the shrubs which grew here and there among the stones and shale. I expected every moment to see our horses roll neck-over-heels down, as their fore-feet are not adapted for clutching; but no, they managed to scramble safe and sound (at least as sound as ever) to the bottom, and so did Sancho, whose neck, I suppose, is reserved for another fate.

#### Turn we now to

#### A DAY IN THE ALHAMBRA.

Thus with a book or pencil, one may spend a long day in the Alhambra with much ease and comfort, and not without profit. Strange contrasts meet one's observations. Above, in the branches, are the uncaged birds singing with all their might (a singing-bird is a rarity in Spain); below, a gang of convicts (no rarity) are at work, clanking in their chains. Take the path to the left, and you find a Spanish soldier of the —th line regiment, keeping guard under the Moorish arch, and an image of the Virgin Mary, under a sentence from the Koran. Pass on, and you stand before the heavy unfinished palace of Charles V., with its stupid unideal plan (a circle inscribed in a square, like a figure out of Euclid), and its recurrence of unvarying ornament. A little side door admits you to the Court of Myrtles and a new world. You have trod on the magic carpet of Hassan, and have been transported eastward through space, and backward through time, to the city and the reign of Haroun Alraschid! You pass on through the Court of Lions, the Hall of the Abencerrages, &c., names familiar to you from childhood; the whole place, the realization of many a dream, appears itself scarcely less unsubstantial—so delicate and fragile, that it seems fitted only for the charmed atmosphere of fairy-land; the fierce storms of this earth will surely crush it to atoms;—the fierce heat crumble it into dust. Indeed, the Court of Lions has suffered from an earthquake, and is rudely enough supported by beams, and held together by cramps. May man and time deal tenderly with the remnant!

The yet half-civilized condition of the country may be gathered from the accounts given to him of

#### ASSASSINATIONS IN SPAIN.

One day in my rambles, which were desultory like my book, I fell in with a faded clerical-looking person, who I found had been a friar, and was still a mendicant. He begged me to go with him and see something. I went with him accordingly across the Court of Oranges to a little chapel, adjacent to the cathedral. I expected to see a picture or a statue; but there, to my horror, was a corpse, with the face uncovered and smeared with clotted blood. It was wrapped in white, and some tapers were burning at the head and feet. It was a man who had been killed in the Alameda the preceding evening, whether by accident or design I did not learn. Apropos to this, my conductor proceeded to give me some appalling statistics of assassination. How far he had means of knowing, and how much credit his assertions were entitled to, I cannot say. He informed me that in the past month there had been nineteen murders and attempts to murder in Seville alone; and that during the May of 1848, there were as many as thirty. If this be true, considerable deductions must be made from my two friends' enthusiastic praise of the lower orders of Andalusia. The frequency of the crime may be partly accounted for, not palliated, by the habit of carrying a long knife, persisted in, in defiance of prohibition. Yet this same people of Seville, who took no notice of the murders at their own doors, read and canvassed with eager interest the details of a murder in London, which then constituted the "English news" of the Spanish papers.

#### Here is a picture of

#### SPANISH IGNORANCE.

He told me some quaint stories illustrative of the ignorance and prejudice still lingering in the land: for

instance; one day he was in company with some respectable persons of the middle class, when the conversation turned on an event which had just occurred at Granada. A young man of the Jewish persuasion had avenged the cause of Shylock, by running off with the daughter of a Christian. "What a shame," said one; "very likely the poor innocent children will have tails." Some sceptic present interposed with a doubt as to whether Jews had tails really or not. The majority held that it was unquestionable; but, as one or two still questioned it, the dispute was referred to Senor Vazquez, a travelled man. He quietly decided the matter in the affirmative; "for," said he, "when I was in London I saw Baron Rothschild, who is a Jew of a very high caste, and he had a tail as long as my arm." So the sceptics were silenced, and smoked the cigar of acquiescence.

Another graphic sketch of a Spanish town is that of

#### BURGOS.

I sallied out; for the scanty strip of shadow in the street had now widened to a comfortable breadth, and the town was waking, after its own drowsy fashion. Here and there I saw a dame or damsel, wearing a mantilla, and that awful, don't-speak-to-me countenance which ladies generally assume on their way to church. I followed one of these black angels accordingly, for my first object was the cathedral; and I was not mistaken, —in two minutes I stood before the gate of the south transept. Enter; and what a change "from glow to gloom!"—from the common glare of day to a charmed twilight!—from prose to poetry! Then you can feel the joy with which the weary traveller in the desert flings himself down to rest on the far-seen, long-wished-for oasis, by the fountain beneath the palms. And those vast pillars, with that arched roof, are more impervious to the sun than the trunks and leaves of any banana, and those streams of gentle music flow sweeter than falling water. In a southern climate the exigencies of nature aid the endeavours of art, and endure the cathedral with a new significance. The fierce sun and fiercer sirocco, against which no common dwelling is proof, are not felt in the house of God. It is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The superstition which in England consigned the north side of the church, with its dank mould and green lichens, to the evil one, is unknown in other and sunnier lands. "On the north side," says the great poet-prophet (as true to nature in the one capacity, as he is true to God in the other,) "On the north side lieth the city of the Great King." The north side is ever the chosen place for beggars, the halt and the blind, who, else homeless, gather under the shelter of its liberal shadow. For a moment after you enter the church all is night, but gradually its glories dawn upon you one by one. Round the massive pillars are clustered niches and canopies, rich in fantastic tracery, and from each an Evangelist with a book, or bishop with pastoral staff, looks down on a few worshippers who kneel below, almost as motionless. The grand old Gothic—that catholic mould in which all Christian Europe has striven best to express its devotion—is varied here by details which epitomize the character and the history of Spain. The stern, grave figures cut in the white stone represent well the patriars of Old Castile, proud of their unblemished honour and unconquerable resolve; the costly and varied marbles, and graceful foliage enwreathing many a tomb, and the altar-screens blazing with gold, recal the days when Spain had at her command the quarries of Carrara, the pliant fancy of Genoa, and the untold treasures of the New World. You will be roused from your day-dream by the cessation of the music and the pattering feet of the departing worshippers, or probably by some hobbling old verger, who taps you on the shoulder with his wand, and intimates that, vespers over, he is now at liberty to serve Mammon in a small way, by showing you the chapels. Let us go with him by all means—we shall not grudge the fee. . . . Let us now turn down to the great square, the Plaza Mayor, of late re-baptized "de la Constitucion;" it is quite empty, excepting the grim statue of some dead king or other in the centre. All round is an arcade, in that ragged tumble-down state that artists love; and underneath are a number of diminutive shops, in which the smallest possible amount of business is transacted. Business! there is no business in Castile, except the barber's.



Elsewhere custom is most unfrequent, saving "the custom always of an afternoon." These little shops are so still and quiet, that they might be Columbaria or Egyptian tombs, and the master, stretched motionless on the counter, might be the mummy—smoking a cigarett. When abroad, I always read the names over the shop-doors. It's so improving. In the course of this interesting investigation, my eye fell upon the inscription "Don Pedro Smith," over a haberdasher's. I started, like Robinson Crusoe when he discerned the foot-print of a fellow-man in the desert island. I entered, for I hoped to get some useful information, in English, from Mr. Peter Smith. He was a little fat man, lolling on his counter as lazily as any Castilian of them all. This was discouraging, yet I ventured to address him in English. But, not though he did not deny his father, and had not forsaken his name, he had forgotten the ancestral language of all the Smiths, and was merged in the Don Pedro. So I left him, with the usual blessing, which was all I took by the motion. It is a marvel to me how Don Pedro and his fellows get their bread. They toil not, neither do they spin. They are so supremely indifferent, that I am sure two hundred of a trade might live together in the most perfect agreement. They pass their lives in the same dull routine, varied, at far intervals, by some such scene as this:—Let C stand for customer, D for dealer (be the wares what they may.) D is discovered lying at full length on the counter, smoking. Enter C.—Ave Maria purissima. D.—Sin pecado concebida (without disturbing himself.) C.—Have you got such-and-such a thing? D.—God knows. Does your worship want to buy it? (A pause.) Well, I'll look by-and-by. (He finishes his cigarett, and proceeds slowly to examine his stores.) Then, somewhat surprised, Holy Mary, here it is! we have got it. C.—What's the price? D.—God knows! Will your worship call again to-morrow, or next day, and I'll tell you?

C. and D. *Quede* } Usted con Dios. *Exit C.*  
Vaya }

D lies down again in his former position, and rolls another cigarett.

He does not give a very flattering account of the

#### SPANISH NEWSPAPERS.

The *Heraldo* was then publishing a series of verbose epistles from Italy, the writer of which illustrated the marches and operations of the Spanish forces by a profusion of passages, parallel or divergent, from the Latin classics, showing at every step his own consummate ignorance and assurance. I remember, in one letter, he invoked our old friend Socrates in feigned rapture, as "Mount Socrates beloved of Ovid and Prosperities!" In the *Clamor* I read another series of letters, written by a Spaniard from London, in which facts and inferences were equally false. The intelligent traveller gave a glowing description of Regent's-park, crowded every afternoon with the carriages of the nobility, each drawn by four horses; of the opera, where brass buttons and applause were strictly forbidden; of the placards in the streets, announcing that "the Reverend Wilkinson would repeat, for the fourth time, his favourite sermon on Justification by Faith," &c. Among his statistical facts he mentioned that 3,500 persons had committed suicide in London alone during the year 1848, and proceeded to account for it after his fashion. In conclusion, he proved to his own satisfaction, that "the English are far from being so advanced in political and social progress as—Nosotros!"

We conclude with a really poetical description of

#### NIGHT IN SPAIN.

I was shown into a kind of loft, with a square aperture for window, which seemed by its appearance to have been in quiet possession of the hens from time immemorial, and was, besides, insufferably close. I tried to convince the good hostess that eggs and chickens were the logical sequence of hens, but in vain; so I was obliged to content myself with bread and fruit and wine, as aforesaid. I had a table and chair set out upon the flat roof, which commanded a grand view of the whole wild district, ridge upon ridge, and valley beyond valley. Here and there, high up in the lap of some great, grim, brown and grey mountain, was perched a white hamlet, with its own green fringe of orchard,—and through a

gap in the ridge towards the south-east, I could see the deep blue Mediterranean, and I could even make out some sails upon it, as they glittered against the rising moon. Meanwhile, I was rather pestered with three old women, who surrounded the table, taking huge delight in seeing me eat, and asking various questions,—such as, whether England was in France? and what I had done to my hair to make it brown? About an hour after nightfall, the various members of the family disposed themselves to sleep upon the roof; and I, thinking men's company better than hens', followed their example, and lay down close to the table, on which remained some relics of supper. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a stealthy step close by me, and, looking up, I saw a strange, wild figure of a man, all in rags. He was walking to and fro beside the table, evidently hankering after the viands thereon. At last he pounced upon them, and began coolly to break the bread and dip it in the wine. Before devouring each morsel, he held it up towards the moon, at arm's length, and, waving it to and fro, muttered, "Thanks be unto thee, O Madonna, most holy." I was amused at his thus breaking two commandments, and thanking the Virgin Mary or the moon, whichever it might be, by whose countenance he was stealing; but as he looked very lean and poor, I did not interrupt his feast by any sign of wakefulness. I had scarcely dropt to sleep again, before I was roused by a loud shriek; then there was a scuffle; all the family started to their feet; the men swore, the women screamed, and then ensued such a bewildered Babel of chattering, that I in vain tried to make myself heard, and discover the cause of the disturbance. As it was past three, I rose, and ordered the horses out. My guide (save the mark!) now acknowledged to me that he had only once travelled that way twenty-five years ago, so the landlord, anxious, as I thought, to escape from the still screaming woman-kind, volunteered to accompany me till daybreak. On the way he told me the cause of the tumult. Some ill-conditioned admirer of his daughter's had clambered in at the window of the loft where she was sleeping. It was her shriek which brought the father to the summary expulsion of the intruder. "But for your worship's presence," he said, "I would have stabbed the villain then and there."

*Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa. With Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c.* By ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING, Esq., of Altyre. With Illustrations. In 2 volumes. London: Murray. 1850.

EVERY man has his weakness—a soft place in his head; a green spot in his eye; a raw in his hide. Mr. CUMMING, descended from the race of Argyle, confesses to his:—"If I have a weakness, it is for lions and hippopotamuses." The frailty seems to have been born with him: from his youth up, he was an ardent lover of the chase, and a daring huntsman. Probably when a child he was a successful trappist of robins and wrens; as he grew older, his ambition grew, and he aspired to grouse and hares; thence he advanced to otters and stags; but deer-stalking was not exciting enough; it did not tire him, and there was no danger in it. He longed for nobler game—for wild beasts who would try his skill, courage and strength. He joined the army in 1839, and was so fortunate as to be sent to India. There he hunted and shot upon a much larger scale; tigers and elephants varied the amusements with peacocks, snipes, and quails. After awhile he returned to England, with appetite sharpened instead of sated. But preserves and battues would not do at all, after Indian sport. He longed for the freedom of nature and the life of "the wild hunter," and so he resolved to try his fortunes in "the rolling prairies and Rocky Mountains of the Far West." He obtained a commission in a Newfound-

land regiment, but that did not answer his expectations, so he exchanged into the Cape Rifles. Still he was shackled by the rules of the service, and, selling out, he fairly betook himself to the wilds, purchasing wag-gons, oxen and provisions, and starting with a due supply of servants and ammunition for a regular hunting trip into the interior. For five years he wandered about, killing and slaying mountains of game of all kinds, and now he has come home, to tell his countrymen the exciting tale of his adventures, and to be himself a lion for the season.

And wonderful adventures they are. As his whole career testifies, Mr. CUMMING is not a sportsman in our largest sense of the term, but a veritable NIMROD—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." He has bagged a whole flock of elephants in a day, besides a lion or two, and antelopes too numerous to mention. He came to think nothing of a hippopotamus, although his countrymen are running to look at the calf of one as a sort of miracle. As for crocodiles, they were considered scarcely worth powder and ball. Giraffes are pretty sport enough, but then they are useless when killed, flesh not very palatable, and a little too large to be carried home in the pocket. Compared with this, all other records of sporting in our own or in any language, are tame and flat.

But, with Mr. CUMMING's tastes and ambitions, we can readily imagine the sort of feeling that must oppress him now. There remains nothing for him to kill: he has tasted of all possible sportsman's pleasures—he can aspire to naught beyond—he is fairly *used up*. Stop! there is yet one kind of hunting to be tried—he has not captured a whale! A few dozens of them, and he will have "imagined worlds." We are not sure, from some of the stories here told, that he does not possess the power of "imagining new."

But this is a book to be read and not to be criticised. The reader will be looking for extracts, and will care nothing for commentary, so, without further preface, we will gratify him.

Among the many hair-breadth 'scapes here recorded, the most breathless in its horror is that of

#### AN UNPLEASANT BEDFELLOW.

In the evening I took my pillow and "komberse," or skin blanket, to the margin of a neighbouring vley, where I had observed doe blesboks drink. Of these I had not yet secured a single specimen, which I was very anxious to do, as they likewise carry fine horns, which, though not so thick as those of the males, are more gracefully formed. Shortly after I had laid down, two porcupines came grunting up to me, and stood within six feet of where I lay. About midnight an old wildebeest came and stood within ten yards of me, but I was too lazy to fire at him. All night I heard some creature moving in the cracked earth beneath my pillow; but believing it to be a mouse, I did not feel much concerned about the matter. I could not, however, divest myself of a painful feeling that it might be a snake, and wrapped my blanket tight round my body. Awaking at an early hour the following morning, I forgot to look for the tenant who had spent the night beneath my pillow. No blesbok appearing I stalked an old springbok through the rushes and shot him. Having concealed him, I held for camp, and despatched two men to bring home the venison and my bedding. While taking my breakfast I observed my men returning, one of them carrying a very large and deadly serpent. I at once felt certain it was he that I heard the previous night beneath my pillow; and on asking them where they had killed it, they replied "In your bed." On approaching the bedding, they had discovered the horrid reptile sunning itself on the edge of my blanket, until on perceiving them it glided in beneath it. It was a large specimen of the black variety of the puff

adder, one of the most poisonous serpents of Africa, death ensuing within an hour after its bite.

The entire novelty of the pictures presented to us rivets the attention to the hunter's pages. They read more like the fabulous doings of the old demi-gods, than the veritable adventures of a living man in the nineteenth century. Here, for instance, is

#### A LION HUNT.

On reaching the water I looked towards the carcass of the rhinoceros, and to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the fountain to drink. Kleinboy remarked to me that a troop of zebras were standing on the height. I answered, "yes;" but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcass of a rhinoceros. I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyenas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyenas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling, without any intermission. The hyenas did not seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away. I had lain watching this banquet for about three hours, in the strong hope that, when the lions had feasted, they would come and drink. Two black and two white rhinoceroses had made their appearance, but, scared by the smell of the blood, they had made off.

At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water; and in two minutes one of them turned his face towards me, and came on; he was immediately followed by a second lion, and in half a minute by the remaining four. It was a decided and general move, they were all coming to drink right bang in my face, within fifteen yards of me.

I charged the unfortunate, pale and panting Kleinboy to convert himself into a stone, and knowing from old spoor, exactly where they would drink, I cocked my left barrel, and placed myself and gun in position. The six lions came steadily on along the stony ridge, until within sixty yards of me, when they halted for a minute to reconnoitre. One of them stretched out his massive arms on the rock and lay down; the others then came on, and he rose and brought up the rear. They walked, as I had anticipated, to the old drinking-place, and three of them had put down their heads and were lapping the water loudly, when Kleinboy thought it necessary to shove up his ugly head. I turned my head slowly to rebuke him, and again turning to the lions I found myself discovered.

An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and, with her head high and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley to cultivate further my acquaintance! This unfortunate coincidence put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought, in my haste, that it was perhaps most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had noticed me. I accordingly moved my arm and covered her; she saw me move and halted, exposing a full broadside. I fired; the ball entered one shoulder, and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades, all enveloped in a cloud of dust; nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously for some sound to denote the approaching end of the lioness; nor listened in vain. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In one minute her comrades crossed the vley a little below me, and made towards the rhinoceros. I then slipped Wolf and Boxer on her scent, and following them into the cover, I found her

lying dead within twenty yards of where the old lion had lain two nights before. This was a fine old lioness, with perfect teeth, and was certainly a noble prize; but I felt dissatisfied at not having rather shot a lion, which I had most certainly done if my Hottentot had not destroyed my contemplation.

Now for a scrap of natural history.

#### NOTES ON LIONS.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard. As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long rank yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying vleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowling. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans: that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different. I remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. . . . Owing to the tawny colour of the coat with which nature has robed him he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking, not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire.

Mr. CUMMING felt the same interest in the giraffe as its mild full eye and amiable face

attracts from the visitor in the Zoological Gardens, only he shows his regard after a different fashion, by shooting instead of feeding them. Still, with a fellow feeling for the sportsman, we can understand the emotions that must have thrilled him in the free mind of the desert during the excitement of

#### A GIRAFFE HUNT.

Our breakfast being finished, I resumed my journey through an endless grey forest of camel-dorn and other trees, the country slightly undulating and grass abundant. A little before the sun went down my driver remarked to me, "I was just going to say, Sir, that that old tree was a camelopard." On looking where he pointed, I saw that the old tree was indeed a camelopard, and, on casting my eyes a little to the right, I beheld a troop of them standing looking at us, their heads actually towering above the trees of the forest. It was imprudent to commence a chase at such a late hour, especially in a country of so level a character, where the chances were against my being able to regain my waggons that night. I, however, resolved to chance everything; and directing my men to catch and saddle Colesberg, I proceeded in haste to buckle on my shooting-belt and spurs, and in two minutes I was in the saddle. The giraffes stood looking at the waggons until I was within sixty yards of them, when, galloping round a thick bushy tree, under cover of which I had ridden, I suddenly beheld a sight the most astounding that a sportsman's eye can encounter. Before me stood a troop of ten colossal giraffes, the majority of which were from seventeen to eighteen feet high. On beholding me they at once made off, twisting their long tails over their backs, making a loud switching noise with them, and cantered along at an easy pace, which, however, obliged Colesberg to put his best foot foremost to keep up with them. The sensations which I felt on this occasion were different from anything that I had before experienced during a long sporting career. My senses were so absorbed by the wondrous and beautiful sight before me that I rode along like one entranced, and felt inclined to disbelieve that I was hunting living things of this world. The ground was firm and favourable for riding. At every stride I gained upon the giraffes, and after a short burst at a swingeing gallop I was in the middle of them, and turned the finest cow out of the herd. On finding herself driven from her comrades and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound; while her neck and breast, coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually strewn them in my path. In a few minutes I was riding within five yards of her stern, and, firing at the gallop, I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and, placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her, I fired my second shot behind the shoulder; the ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front, when she came to a walk. Dismounting, I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in double charges of powder. Before this was accomplished she was off at a canter. In a short time I brought her to a stand in the dry bed of a water-course, where I fired at fifteen yards, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again made off. Having loaded, I followed, and had very nearly lost her; she had turned abruptly to the left, and was far out of sight among the trees. Once more I brought her to a stand, and dismounted from my horse. There we stood together alone in the wild wood. I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, whilst her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I really felt a pang of sorrow in this moment of triumph for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle towards the skies, I sent a bullet through her neck. On receiving it she reared high on her hind legs and fell backwards with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her. A thick stream of dark blood spouted out from the wound, her colossal limbs quivered for a moment, and she expired.

As the trophy of the English sportsman, first in at the death, is *the brush*, so Mr. CUMMING was content with carrying off the giraffe's tail!



## Now for a reminiscence of

## SERPENT KILLING.

As I was examining the spoor of the game by the fountain, I suddenly detected an enormous old rock snake stealing in beneath a mass of rock beside me. He was truly an enormous snake, and, having never before dealt with this species of game, I did not exactly know how to set about capturing him. Being very anxious to preserve his skin entire, and not wishing to have recourse to my rifle, I cut a stout and tough stick about eight feet long, and having lightened myself of my shooting-belt I commenced the attack. Seizing him by the tail, I tried to get him out of his place of refuge; but I hauled in vain, he only drew his large folds firmer together; I could not move him. At length I got a rhem round one of his folds about the middle of his body, and Kleinboy and I commenced hauling away in good earnest.

The snake, finding the ground too hot for him, relaxed his coils, and suddenly bringing round his head to the front, he sprang out at us like an arrow, with his immense and hideous mouth opened to its largest dimensions, and before I could get out of his way he was clean out of his hole, and made a second spring, throwing himself forward about eight or ten feet, and snapping his horrid fangs within a foot of my naked legs. I sprang out of his way, and getting a hold of the green bough I had cut, I returned to the charge. The snake now glided along at top speed: he knew the ground well, and was making for a mass of broken rocks, where he would have been beyond my reach, but before he could gain this place of refuge I caught him two or three tremendous whacks on the head. He, however, held on, and gained a pool of muddy water, which he was rapidly crossing, when I again belaboured him, and at length reduced his pace to a stand. We then hanged him by the neck to a bough of a tree, and in about fifteen minutes he seemed dead, but he again became very troublesome during the operation of skinning, twisting his body in all manner of ways. This serpent measured fourteen feet.

By night as well as by day was the sport pursued, with a perseverance that would have done honour to a better cause. The following is a narrative of a night watch by the side of a spring to which the thirsty animals were expected to resort for refreshment, little dreaming that death, in the shape of an Englishman, was so near them:

## A NIGHT WATCH.

I took up my position for the night, which was mild and lovely, with good moonlight. After watching several hours I fell asleep. About midnight my light sleep was disturbed by the tramp of approaching wild animals. I peeped from my hole, and saw a herd of about twenty shaggy blue wildebeests, or brindled gnoss, cautiously advancing to the water. They were preceded by a patriarchal old bull, the finest in the herd. I fired at him, and heard the ball tell upon his shoulder, upon which he and the whole troop galloped off in a northerly direction, enveloped in a cloud of red dust. Being thirsty, I then walked up to the eye of the fountain, and having imbibed a draught of its sulphurous waters, in a very few minutes I was once more asleep. On the 23rd I stood up in my hole at dawn of day, and, having donned my old grey kilt and Badenoch brogues, I took up the spoor of the herd of brindled gnoss. After I had proceeded a short distance I perceived the head of the old bull looking at me over a small rise on the bushy plain. The head disappeared, and I heard a loud noise of tramping, as of an animal endeavouring to gallop upon three legs. On gaining this rise I again saw the handsome head, with its strangely-hooked, fair-set horns, gazing at me from the long grass some hundred yards in advance. He had lain down. I held as though I intended to go past him; but before I neared him he sprang to his feet, and endeavoured to make off from me. Poor old bull! I at once perceived that it was all over with him. He was very faint from loss of blood, and one fore leg was broken in the shoulder. He made a tottering run of about a hundred yards, and again lay down, never more to rise. I walked up to within eighty yards of him, and sent a bullet through his heart. Receiving the

ball, he rolled over on his side, and expired without a groan.

All the party did not escape so well as Mr. CUMMING. The Hottentot servant was carried off by a lion, while reposing by the fire. The narrative is thrilling with horror.

## THE DEATH OF HENDRICK.

About three hours after the sun went down I called to my men to come and take their coffee and supper, which was ready for them at my fire; and after supper three of them returned before their comrades to their own fireside, and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendrick, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal and walked round the back of it. Hendrick got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burnt it all in their fires.

Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry bloodthirsty lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek "The lion! the lion!" still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, "The lion! the lion! He has got Hendrick; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! Oh, God! Hendrick is dead. Let us take fire and seek him." The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendrick's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendrick was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him, and, hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could.

My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got his wind, and, going at him, disclosed to us his position: they kept up a continued barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them and driving them in upon the kraal. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey. He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thick bush, beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity.

It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket), with his appalling murderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards round the bush into the dense shade.

As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man he faintly cried, "Help me, help me! oh, God! men, help me!" after which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and seizing a large flaming brand, he had belaboured him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not

take any notice of him. The Bushman had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes in his seat with his claws.

The next morning, just as the day began to dawn, we heard the lion dragging something up the river-side under cover of the bank. We drove the cattle out of the kraal, and then proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendrick, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with his blood, and fragments of his pea-coat lay around. Poor Hendrick!

We must not omit a marvellous but not incredible

## WALTZ WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle, two of the others took up the stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along, like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared she would get down into deep water, and be lost like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter, I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank; which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower.

As I approached Behemoth, her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me; but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so, running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest; and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail. Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and, cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get it in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle; and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometime pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time and I holding on at her rump like grim Death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rhein from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree; I then took my rifle and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead.

From these extracts it will be seen how much of wild spirit and animal vigour and courage are portrayed in this book. Mr. CUMMING revels in his theme. He slaughters, and describes slaughter, with an evident unconsciousness that there is in it anything of questionable morals. "Animals were made to be killed, and man was made to kill them," is his motto. But there is an endurance, a courage, and readiness of resources and self-reliance, which almost reconcile us to the work, and it is impossible not to admire the author for these qualities.

To be continued.

## FICTION.

*The Miser's Secret; or the Days of James the First.* An Historical Romance. In 3 vols. London: Shoberl. 1850.

WE have so often stated our views of the Historical Romance, as the most effective teacher of that which is the object and use of history, the knowledge of the *spirit* and *manners* of the age recorded, that it will not now be necessary to apologize for the respect with which we always receive the books that bear this name. But, in proportion to the esteem in which we hold them when worthy, is the aversion we feel for the pretender, and the stricter the measure of criticism by which we are inclined to try their merits. As a good historical romance may be of infinite service, by the clear conceptions of the truth it conveys to the minds of those who would not otherwise have obtained even a glimpse of it, so will a bad one be noxious by substituting the false for the true, and misrepresenting persons and events. Hence, the first duty of the reviewer is to require of the writer of a romance, professing to be historical, that it shall be *really* such. We do not mean by this that of necessity it shall all be true in fact, but that it shall be true in substance; true in its conception, in its groundwork, in the characters that belong to history which are brought upon the stage. Fiction is permissible in the minor personages, in the incidents, in the order even of events, and it is allowed to throw accessories into the picture, to put imagined dialogues into the mouths of historical persons, provided only that they are such as they *might* have uttered, and to present them in aspects not known in their actual careers, for the sake of illustrating their characters. But all this must be done with judgment and skill, never grossly violating the spirit of recorded history, while avoiding tame adherence to its letter.

We know not who is the author of the *Miser's Secret*, but, if a first work, it is full of promise. It answers to many of the conditions of the pure historical romance above described. The writer has certainly drawn much of his inspiration from SCOTT; but this is the weakness of all young writers who begin with modest following in the footsteps of others, and then learn to go alone. There is something, also, peculiarly infectious in the *style* of SCOTT. It is extremely difficult to write romance without falling into it insensibly. JAMES and COOPER have done so egregiously. Only BULWER has yet succeeded in avoiding it altogether, and he has not substituted a better style. We were not, therefore, surprised nor sorry to see in the pages before us a close adherence to the *formula* of the school. This is especially seen in the manner of introducing the various personages, in the descriptions of their costumes, in the *turn* of their phraseology. We trust, however, that the author will outgrow this and set up for himself, with a style of his own. He has the capacity, and it will be his own fault if he does not win the fame that would be certainly awarded to originality in a class of writing which ever must be popular, because it affords so much material for the imagination and appeals so powerfully to the feelings, the fancy and the sentiments.

We are not going to mar the reader's amusement by telling him the story, so well told and developed with such exciting interest in these volumes; enough to say, that the title-page indicates the era at which the scene is laid.

Most of the famous personages of the time are introduced, and the author has well studied their characters, which he brings out with masterly effect. Among the most prominent of them are Lord COKE and Lord BACON, two difficult tests of a sketcher's capacity, because everybody has formed in his own mind a sort of ideal of them, and is, of course, inclined to disapprove the author's picture, if it does not altogether accord with his own. But, with them we have been particularly pleased, for they are *natural*; he has not presented a *model* Lawyer and Philosopher, but a couple of *men* on whom law and philosophy had been grafted. Already our author has learned the important lesson, that a man's profession is a *character* put on and put off, which he wears upon occasions, but that to see him truly he must be seen as himself, when he is off the stage. Then and only then he is *the man*, and then only can he be truthfully depicted.

The character of FRANCIS COKE is beautifully and delicately drawn, and deserves especial commendation.

We may congratulate Mr. SHOBERL on having introduced a new and promising contributor to the ranks of polite literature.

*Mornings at Matlock.* By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D.C.L. Author of "Titian," an Art Novel. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

THIS work might, with equal propriety, have been called "Mornings in Fleet Street," or "Hours at Highgate," or any other place upon the earth's surface which it had pleased Dr. MACKENZIE's fancy to assign to it, for, in fact, it has not the most distant relationship to Matlock or to any known locality. It is really but a collection of tales and essays, some of which, we suspect, we have already read in the periodicals, introduced with the somewhat hackneyed apology for their publication, that during a visit to Matlock the author fell into the society of two or three visitors like himself, and to wile away the time they amused one another with the tales and dialogues and essays that occupy the three volumes before us. To show how miscellaneous are the topics thus treated, and how disconnected is the whole affair with Matlock, it will suffice to name a few of them. "A Night with Burns," "Tressilian's Story," "The Phrenologist," "The Second Sight," "The Maiden Tower," "The Heiress," and such like.

We are, therefore, called upon to pass judgment, not upon one work of art, but upon a collection of tales, and it is extremely difficult to pronounce a decisive opinion upon compositions of this class. Read apart and at intervals, in the pages of a magazine, short tales, pleasantly written, are extremely interesting and attractive. But invariably they appear to disadvantage in a collected form. The philosophy of this fact we have never been able satisfactorily to solve, but its truth will be recognised by all who have ever attempted the task of reading in succession two or three volumes of short stories. It will be felt here, although Dr. MACKENZIE is very much beyond the average of tale writers, both in the conception of the story and in the telling of it. He has humour and pathos, essential qualifications for his task, and there is a smartness and liveliness in his style that forbid the attention to flag, *after a story is begun to be read, until it is finished.* But then the end of the tale is

an excuse for laying down the volume, and, once out of hand, and no continuous interest tempting the reader to resume it, it runs a great risk of being laid aside altogether.

There is a great deal of good writing here, certainly; separately the papers would have adorned the pages of the best of the magazines, and such was their fittest medium. In book shape they will not, we fear, command the popularity to which their intrinsic merits entitle them. From their very variety and brevity it becomes impossible for us to present a specimen that would do them justice. Any one story would occupy more space than we could afford, and none would endure abridgement. We can, therefore, only commend them to the regards of such of our readers as may not share the popular objection to a budget of short stories, assuring them that, if they like such, they will not find anywhere a more interesting group than in these three volumes, supposed to be the produce of some idle Mornings at Matlock.

*Three Courses and a Dessert; comprising three sets of Tales, West-Country, Irish and Legal, and Melange.* With fifty illustrations. By GEORGE CRUICKSHANK. Fourth Edition. London: Bohn. 1850.

TO a large portion of our readers the name of this volume will probably be new. It was published many years ago, and attracted at the time of its appearance a great deal of notice, for the extraordinary combination which it presented of humour and pathos, the comic and the serious. The author, we believe, has never revealed himself, and yet it is impossible that so much talent could have been expended upon this volume and then have been heard of no more. Mr. BOHN has displayed his usual good judgment in making this work a portion of his *Illustrated Library*, for not only are the tales most amusing in themselves, but their interest is considerably enhanced by the copious illustrations of GEORGE CRUICKSHANK, who appears to have applied himself with more than usual zest to embodying with his pencil the humorous imaginations of the author. No less than thirty-seven tales are comprised in this volume, which will delight young and old, and which we can especially recommend as a most acceptable holiday present to good boys and girls, and we are sure, that if we should tempt any relative or friend thus to treat his favourite, we shall have the hearty thanks of the latter for having given such excellent advice. Who, having once read, will ever forget "Caddy Cuddle;" or "the Braintrees," or "the Deaf Postilion."

*The Vale of Cedars; or the Martyrs. A Story of Spain in the Fifteenth Century.* By GRACE AGUILAR, Author of "Home Influence," &c. London: Groombridge and Co. 1850.

LAYING the scene in Spain, during the reign of FERDINAND and ISABELLA, Miss AGUILAR has produced a tale of intense interest, distinguished, like all her works, by distinct moral aims, which, nevertheless, are insinuated, but not intruded. That she might be true to history, and complete in her *properties*, as they call it in the theatre, she had read up for the task, and fully acquainted herself, not only with the records of the times, but with the manners, habits, customs and modes of thought of the people who flourished at that memorable era. Miss AGUILAR excelled in painting pathetic scenes, and in this, her last tale, she justified her fame, for we have seldom read more touching passages than some of those that are to be found in this volume. It is, indeed, a historical romance of a high class, comprised in one volume instead of the orthodox three, but that one volume, from its mode of printing, contains at least as much matter as two of the ordinary novel volumes, with their rivulet of type in a meadow of margin. Miss AGUILAR appears to have written mainly with a view to the instruction and entertainment of the young, although grown-up persons will read with pleasure and profit by *The Vale of Cedars*.

Seeing how steady and yet rapid was her improvement—how rich the promise of her genius—it is impos-



sible to close this notice of her last and best work, without lamenting that the authoress was so untimely snatched from a world she appeared to be destined, as certainly she was singularly qualified, to adorn and to improve.

*Two Old Men's Tales.* By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham." *Castelneau.* By G. P. R. JAMES. London: Simms and McIntyre.

THESE are the additions to the *Parlour Library*, which has the merit of first making good novels as cheap to buy as to borrow. *Two Old Men's Tales* was Mrs. MARSH's first, and we think her best work, and a more acceptable one has not yet been introduced into this popular series of fictions. "*Castelneau*" by JAMES, is too well known to need description.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*In Memoriam.* London: Moxon.

ALTHOUGH this simple title-page is without the name either of him to whom it is dedicated, or of him by whom a monument so truly *re perennius* has been raised, it is well-known that ALFRED TENNYSON, now the first of our living poets, has inscribed this volume of sweet sorrow to the memory of his friend ARTHUR HALLAM. Its like there is not in our own language, nor, we believe, in any other. MILTON's *Lycidas*, and SHELLEY's *Adonais*, most nearly resemble it in design, but that they are so different in structure, as to detract nothing from the claims of the present work to entire originality. *The Lament of Bron*, by MOSCHUS, is something like it; but it wants the genuineness of feeling stamped upon every line of TENNYSON. MOSCHUS plays with grief; amuses himself by inventing ingenious things to be said about his sorrows, and is evidently more concerned for the manner in which he shall present them to the world, than absorbed by the emotion itself. But TENNYSON attempts nothing more than to express the fullness of his heart in the natural eloquence of emotion. So it is with MILTON. He, too, has more regard for the language than for the sentiment. The death of his friend is merely made the occasion for writing a fine poem. It is a *subject* for him, upon which he dilates with all the power of his genius. But with TENNYSON it is otherwise: he is himself the subject of his poetry; his verse is the voice of his complaint; the natural form in which his poet's soul makes itself audible to other souls. Compared, we shall probably *admire* MILTON more, but more *love* TENNYSON. The one appeals to our intellect, the other to our feelings; the former is the highest art, the latter the purest nature.

In its length, *In Memoriam* exceeds all others of its class, and unlike them it is a succession of poems and not one poem. For seventeen years has this monument been in course of erection, hence, perhaps, its wonderful perfection as a piece of workmanship. Here we behold sorrow in all the various moods and forms it would assume in so many years, and this gives variety to that which otherwise might have been accounted tedious by its monotony. The whole is divided into short poems of an equal number of stanzas, all in the same metre. But everywhere is the hand of the great poet visible, in the power of expression, in the vividness of the images presented, in the novel turn of thought, and in the rich melodious music of the verse.

To call specimens where all is beautiful is a perplexing task, for scarcely have we marked one page, before another offers itself as preferable.

How truly in the spirit of TENNYSON is the following:

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
The knolls once more, where, couch'd at ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field;

And, suck'd from out the distant gloom,  
A breeze began to tremble o'er  
The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume;

And gathering fresher overhead,  
Rock'd the full-follied elms, and swung  
The heavy-folded rose, and fung  
The lilies to and fro, and said,

"The dawn, the dawn!" and died away;  
And East and West, without a breath,

Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,  
To broaden into boundless day."

The recollection of the funeral of his friend is thus preserved:

The Danube to the Severn gave  
The darken'd heart that beat no more;  
They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills,  
The salt sea-water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor mor'd along;  
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,  
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,  
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again  
Is vocal in its wooded walls:  
My deeper anguish also falls,  
And I can speak a little then.

His thoughts turn to the churchyard where the loved form lies, and thus he addresses the old Yew that dwells there:

Old Yew, which graspeth at the stones  
That name the under-lying dead,  
Thy fibres net the dreamless head;  
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,  
And bring the firstling to the flock;  
And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
Beats out the little lives of men.

O! not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale!  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

And gazing on the sullen tree,  
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
I seem to fall from out my blood,  
And grow incorporate into thee.

Exquisitely poetical is this:

Risest thou this, dim dawn, again,  
So loud with voices of the birds,  
So thick with lowings of the herds,  
Day, when I lost the flower of mien;

Who tremblest through thy darkling red  
On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast  
By meadows breathing of the past,  
And woodlands holy to the dead;

Who murmurest in the foliage eaves  
A song that sighs the coming care,  
And Autumn laying here and there  
A fiery finger on the leaves;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath,  
To myriads on the genial earth,  
Memories of bridal, or of birth,  
And unto myriads more, of death.

O, whosoever those may be,  
Betwixt the slumber of the poles,  
To-day they count as kindred souls;  
They know me not, but mourn with me.

The poet expresses his longings to hold intercourse with his dead friend in these fine verses:

Dost thou look back on what hath been,  
As some divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began  
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes to Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,  
When all his active powers are still,  
A distant dearthness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,  
While yet beside its vocal springs  
He played at counsellors and kings,  
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea  
And reaps the labour of his hands,  
Or in the furrow musing stands;  
"Does my old friend remember me?"

He recalls the days of their companionship with youth and health, and the world before them.

The path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,  
Through four sweet years arose and fell,  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow;

And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And crown'd with all the season lent,  
From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and cold;  
And wrapp'd thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip;

And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, though I walk in haste;  
And think that, somewhere in the waste,  
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

What an exquisite simile is the following:

A happy lover who has come  
To look on her that loves him well,  
Who lights and rings the gateway bell,  
And learns her gone and far from home,

He saddens, all the magic light  
Dies off at once from bowser and hall,  
And all the place is dark, and all  
The chambers emptied of delight;

So find I every pleasant spot  
In which we two were wont to meet  
The field, the chamber, and the street,  
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there  
In those deserted walks, may find  
A flower beat with rain and wind,  
Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,  
O my forsaken heart, with thee  
And this poor flower of poetry  
Which little cared for, fades not yet.

But, since it pleas'd a vanish'd eye,  
I go to plant it on his tomb,  
That, if it can, it there may bloom,  
Or, dying, there at least may die.

And never was death more wonderfully portrayed than in the next passage:

As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
To those that watch it more and more,  
A likeness hardly seen before  
Comes out—to some one of his race:

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
I see thee what thou art, and know  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,  
And what I see I leave unsaid,  
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made  
His darkness beautiful with thee.

The approach of Christmas brings back in full tide the recollections of the happy past.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;  
The moon is hid, the night is still;  
A single church below the hill  
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,  
That wakens at this hour of rest  
A single murmur in the breast,  
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,  
In lands where not a memory strays,  
Nor landmark breathes of other days,  
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

The ship that carried the remains of his friend from Italy to his native land is thus apostrophized:

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore,  
Sallest the placid ocean-plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain; a favourable speed  
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead  
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
As our pure love, through early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love.

My Arthur! whom I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.

I hear the noise about thy keel;  
I hear the bell struck in the night;  
I see the cabin-window bright;  
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,  
And travel'd men from foreign lands;  
And letters unto trembling hands;  
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him: we have idle dreams:  
This look of quiet flatters thus  
Our home-bred fancies: O to us,  
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,  
That takes the sunshine and the rains,  
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells  
Should gulph him fathom deep in brine;  
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,  
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Latter-Day Pamphlets.* By THOMAS CARLYLE.  
No. 6, *Parliaments*; No. 7 *Hudson's Statue*.

WHEN these pamphlets made their appearance, THE CRITIC was among the first to recognise their virtues and to lament their defects. We complained then, as now, of the strangely unpractical nature of Mr. CARLYLE's lucubrations, finding fault with everybody and everything, yet never indicating how matters might be mended. Nothing so easy as to spy defects in men and systems: the vulgarest mind can do that. At once the proof and the province of genius is to suggest a practical cure for the evils it describes, and to show *how* the doings of which it complains could be better done. Mr. CARLYLE is at war with the whole world. According to him, nothing is right, nobody has a grain of sense, society is in a state of dissolution, and mankind are going to perdition as fast as they can go. But, does Mr. CARLYLE tell them what they are to do to avoid the fate he prophesies so confidently? Not a whit. He hints, indeed, vaguely at some wild notions of a return to patriarchal government; the substitution of despotism for liberty; the abolition of parliaments; the putting of society into leading-strings again; but he does not so much as hint how such a revolution is to be achieved. We have, indeed, heard some of his worshippers contending that the business of a philosopher is only to destroy and not to construct; that it is sufficient for him to find flaws in things, he is not required to show how they may be avoided or mended. But not such is our view of the duties of any persons, whether they be the thinkers or the doers of the world. Inasmuch as perfection is impossible, and to err is human, we hold it to be the duty of those who employ themselves in spying out errors in the conduct of their fellow creatures, to show at the same time how those errors could be avoided, for they cannot prove them to be errors except by comparison with what ought to have been done and *could* have been done. Therefore it is that, while amused with his style, and admiring many of his scattered thoughts, we have looked upon the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* as genius wasted, and lamented that such great powers to influence society for its good should be thrown away in vague declamations and empty denunciations.

The two latest of these effusions are the worst and the best of the series. *Parliaments* is a whimsical but utterly irrational attack upon the institution of which Englishmen have hitherto boasted as the main source of their progress in liberty and greatness. The other, *Hudson's Statue*, as its name implies, is a powerful and well-deserved assault upon the wealth-worshipping propensity of our age, and which is certainly its most alarming characteristic. Here, having only to destroy and not to construct, CARLYLE appears to great advantage, and the heartiness with which he sets him to this work, and the Herculean blows he deals about him, will be enjoyed by all who share the mingled sorrow and indignation with which the history of the rise and fall of the Railway King must be contemplated by the reflecting and the honest. It has cast a huge blot upon our national escutcheon, which never can be erased, and which will make our children's children blush for our generation. Thus graphically is the damnable fact described by Mr. CARLYLE.

#### THE HUDSON STATUE.

It was always matter of regret with me that Hudson's statue, among the other wonders of the present age, was not completed. The 25,000*l.* subscribed, or offered as oblation, by the hero-worshippers of England to their ideal of a man, awoke many questions as to what outward figure it could most profitably take, under the eternal canopy; questions never finally settled; nor ever now to be settled, now when the universal Hudson *ragmarok*, or "twilight of the gods," has arrived, and it is too clear no statue or cast-metal image of that incarnation of the English Vishnu will ever be molten now! Why was it not set up, that the whole world might see it; that our "religion" might be seen, mounted on some figure of a locomotive, garnished with scrip-rolls proper, and raised aloft in some conspicuous place,—for example, on the other arch at Hyde-Park Corner? By all opportunities, especially to all subscribers and pious sacrificers to the Hudson testimonial, I have earnestly urged: complete your sin-offering; buy, with the five-and-twenty thousand pounds, what utmost amount of brazen metal and reasonable sculptural supervision it will cover,—say ten tons of brass, with a tolerable sculptor: model that, with what exactness art can, into the enduring brass portrait and express image of king Hudson, as he receives the grandeurs of this country at his levees or soirees and couchees; mount him on the highest place you can discover in the most crowded thoroughfare, on what you can consider the pinnacle of the English world: I assure you he will have beneficial effects there. To all men who are struggling for your approbation, and fretting their poor souls to fiddlestrings because you will not sufficiently give it, I will say, leading them to the foot of the Hudson mount of vision: "see my worthy Mr. Rigmarole; consider this surprising copper pyramid, in partly human form: did the celestial value of men's approbation ever strike you so forcibly before? The new Apollo Belvidere this, or ideal of the scrip ages. What do you think of it? *Allah Hallah*; there is still one God you see, in England; and this is his prophet. Let it be a source of healing to you, my unhappy Rigmarole; draw from it 'uses of terror,' as the old divines said; uses of amazement, of new wisdom, of unutterable reflection upon the present epoch of the world!"

He has a sort of notion that the function of Parliaments is executive, and on this fallacy he founds his argument against them. Thus, he compares the past and the present.

#### PARLIAMENTS AS THEY WERE.

Reading in *Eadmerus* and the dim old books, one finds gradually that the Parliament was at first a most simple Assemblage, quite cognate to the situation; that Bed William, or whoever had taken on him the terrible task of being King in England, was wont to invite, oftentimes about Christmas time, his subordinate Kinglets, Barons as he called them, to give him the pleasure of their company for a week or two:

there, in earnest conference all morning, in freer talk over Christmas cheer all evening, in some big royal Hall of Westminster, Winchester, or wherever it might be, with log-fires, huge rounds of roast and boiled, not lacking malmsey and other generous liquor, they took counsel concerning the arduous matters of the kingdom. "You Taillebois, what have you to propose in this arduous matter?—Frontdeboef has another view; thinks, in his southern counties, they will go with the Protectionist movement, and repeal the malt-tax, the African Squadron, and the window-duty itself.—Potdevin, what is your opinion of the measure; will it hold in your parts? So, Fitzurse disagrees, then!—Tête-d'étonpes, speak out. And first, the pleasure of a glass of wine, my infant?" Thus, for a fortnight's space, they carried on, after a human manner, their grand National Consult or *Parliamentum*; intermingling dinner with it (as is still the modern method); debating everything, as Tacitus describes the Ancient Germans to have done, two times: once sober, and once what he calls "drunk,"—not dead-drunk, but jolly round their big table;—that so both sides of the matter might be seen; and, midway between rash hope and unreasonable apprehension, the true decision of it might be hit. To this hour no public matter, with whatever serious argument, can be settled in England till it have been dined upon, perhaps repeatedly dined upon."

#### PARLIAMENTS AS THEY ARE.

The Parliament, if we examine well, has irrevocably lost certain of its old functions, which it still pretends to do; and has got certain new functions, which it never can do, and yet pretends to be doing: a doubly fatal predicament for the Parliament. Its functions growing ever more confused in this twofold way, the position of the Parliament has become a false, and has gradually been becoming an impossible one, in modern affairs. While on the other hand, the poor Parliament, little conscious of all that, and long dimly struggling to remedy all that, and exist amidst it; or in later years, still more fatally admitting all that, and quietly consenting to exist beside it *without* remedy,—has had to distort and pervert its poor activity in all manner of ways; and at length has diffused itself into oceans of windy talk reported in *Hansard*; has grown, in short, a National Palaver; and is, as I said lately, one of the strangest entities this sun ever looked down upon. For, I think, a National Palaver recognised as Sovereign, a solemn convocation of all the stump-orators in the nation to come and govern us, was not seen in the earth till recently.

The operations of an unfettered press, and the fact that no king is absolutely present with a direct influence in Parliament, are assigned as two great causes of the change. He wants only *aye* or *no* without the speeches, and considers debating an obsolete function (since the newspapers discuss everything) as "useless in these new times, as a set of riding postboys would be, along the line of the Great Western Railway."

In fact there rises universally the complaint, and expression of surprise, that our reformed Parliament cannot get on with any kind of work, except that of talking, which does not serve much; and the Chief Minister has been heard lamenting, in a pathetic manner, that the business of the nation (meaning thereby the voting of the supplies) was dreadfully obstructed; and that it would be difficult for him to accomplish the business of the nation (meaning thereby the voting of the supplies), if honourable gentlemen would not please to hold their tongues a little. It is really pathetic, after a sort; and unless parliamentary eloquence will suffice the British Nation, and its businesses and wants, one sees not what is to become of us in that direction. . . . My own private notion, which I invite all reformed British citizens to reflect on, is and has for a long time been, that this dim universal experience, which points towards very tragic facts, will more and more rapidly become a clear universal experience, and disclose a tragic law of nature little dreamt of by constitutional men of these times. That a Parliament, especially a Parliament with newspaper reporters firmly established in it, is an entity which, by its very nature, cannot do work, but can do talk only,—which at times may be needed, and at other times again may be very needless. Consider, in fact, a body of six-hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous persons set to consult about "business," with twenty-seven millions, mostly fools,



assiduously listening to them, and checking and criticizing them:—was there ever since the world began, will there ever be till the world end, any "business accomplished in these circumstances?" The beginning of all business everywhere, as all practical persons testify, is decidedly this, that every man *shut* his mouth, and do not open it again till his thinking and contriving faculty have elaborated something worth articulating; which rule will much abridge the flow of speech in such assemblies. This, however, is the preliminary fundamental rule for business; and this, alas! is precisely the rule which cannot be attended to in constitutional Parliaments.

Add now another most unfortunate condition, that your Parliamentary Assembly is *not* very much in earnest, not at all "dreadfully in earnest," to do even the best it can; that in general the nation it represents is no longer an earnest nation, but a light, sceptical, epicurean one, which for a century has gone along smirking, grimacing, cutting jokes about all things, and has not been bent with dreadful earnestness on any thing at all, except on making money each member of it for himself; here, certainly enough, is a Parliament that will do no business except such as can be done in sport; and unfortunately, it is well known, almost none can be done in that way. To which Parliament, in the centre of such a nation, introduce now assiduous newspaper reporters, and six yards of small type laid on all breakfast-tables every morning: alas! are not the Six-hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous gentlemen who sit to do sovereign business in such circumstances, verily a self-tradition, a solecism in nature—nature having appointed that business shall *not* be done in that way? Incapable they of doing business; capable of speech only, and this none of the best. Speech which, as we can too well see, whether it be speech to the question and to the wise men near, or "speech to Bunkum" (as the Americans call it), to the distant constituencies and the twenty-seven millions, mostly fools, will yearly grow more worthless as speech, and threaten to finish by becoming burdensome to gods and men!

So that the sad conclusion, which all experience, wherever it has been tried, is fatally making good, appears to be, that Parliaments, admirable as advising bodies, and likely to be in future universally useful in that capacity, are, as ruling and sovereign bodies, not useful, but useless or worse.

This would be very good, if only it were true. But it is *not* true. Parliament is *not* the Executive, in this country at least, and therefore the objection falls to the ground.

Although entirely dissenting from his assertions, we cannot resist extracting his description of the effects produced by railways. Here, again, he forgets that it is only a *transfer* of wealth. If a few persons in a few places suffer, many persons in many other places profit, by the change. The total sum of wealth, and prosperity, and consequent happiness, is increased. We pity JOPLIN, of Reading, but it is one of the casualties attendant upon all improvements, that those who are dependent upon the old condition of things should suffer by the alteration. But this is not an argument against it, or the world would stand still. It is the duty of individuals to accommodate themselves to the condition of things about them, and not to expect that the rest of the world should mould itself to their wants. It seems to us that the only consolation for the mischief done to public morality by the railway mania, of which HUDSON was the embodiment and visible representative, is to be found in the substantial fact that the country possesses the railways, to be the source of incalculable future benefits, though dearly bought with much present suffering. In this respect it has been less noxious than any of the manias that preceded it. But CARLYLE's moanings are, at least, amusing.

#### A LAMENT FOR THE RAILWAYS.

Hudson's value as a demigod being what it was, his value as a maker of railways shall hardly concern us

here. What Hudson's real worth to mankind in the matter of railways might be, I cannot pretend to say. Fact knows it to the uttermost fraction, and will pay it him yet; but men differ widely in opinion, and in general do not in the least know. From my own private observation and conjecture, I should say, Trifling, if any worth.

Much as we love railways, there is one thing undeniable: railways are shifting all towns of Britain into new places; no town will stand where it did, and nobody can tell for a long while yet where it will stand. This is an unexpected, and indeed most disastrous result. I perceive, railways have set all the towns of Britain dancing. Reading is coming up to London, Basingstoke is going down to Gosport or Southampton, Dumfries to Liverpool and Glasgow; while at Crewe, and other points, I see new ganglions of human population establishing themselves, and the prophecy of metallurgic cities which were not heard of before. Reading, Basingstoke, and the rest, the unfortunate towns, subscribed money to get railways; and it proves to be for cutting their own throats. Their business has gone elsewhere; and they—cannot stay behind their business! They are set a dancing, as I said; confusedly waltzing, in a state of progressive dissolution, towards the four winds; and know not where the end of the death-dance will be for them, in what point of space they will be allowed to rebuild themselves. This is their sad case.

And what an affair it is in each of the shops and houses of those towns, thus silently bleeding to death, or what we call dancing away to other points of the British territory; how Joplin of Reading, who had anchored himself on that pleasant place, and fondly hoping to live by upholstery and paper-hanging, had wedded, and made friends there,—awakens some morning, and finds that his trade has flitted away! Here it is not any longer; it is gone to London, to Bristol: whither has it gone? Joplin knows not whither; knows and sees only that gone it is; and that he by preternatural sagacity must scent it out again, follow it over the world, and catch it again, or else die. Sad news for Joplin:—indeed I fear, should his sagacity be too inconsiderable, he is not unlikely to break his heart, or take to drinking, in these inextricable circumstances! And it is the history, more or less, in every town, house, shop and industrial dwelling-place of the British Empire at this moment;—and the cipher of afflicted Joplins; and the amount of private distress, uncertainty, discontent; and withal of "revolutionary movement" created hereby, is tragical to think of. "This is revolutionary movement" with a witness; revolution brought home to everybody's hearth and moneysafe and heart and stomach. Which miserable result, with so many others from the same source, what method was there of avoiding or indefinitely mitigating? This surely, as the beginning of all: that you had made your railways *not* in haste; that, at least, you had spread the huge process, sure to alter all men's mutual position and relations, over a reasonable breadth of time!

For all manner of reasons, how much could one have wished that the making of our British railways had gone on with deliberation; that these great works had made themselves not in five years but in fifty and five! Hudson's "worth" to railways, I think, will mainly resolve itself into this, that he carried them to completion within the former short limit of time; that he got them made,—in extremely improper directions I am told, and surely with endless confusion to the innumerable passive Joplins, and likewise to the numerous active scrip-holders, a wide-spread class, once rich, now coinless,—hastily in five years, not deliberately in fifty-five. His worth to railways? His *worth*, I take it, to English railways, much more to English men, will turn out to be extremely inconsiderable; to be incalculable damage rather. Foolish railway people gave him two millions, and thought it not enough without a statute to boot. But fact thought, and is now audibly saying, far otherwise! Rhadamanthus, had you been able to consult him, would in nowise have given this man twenty-five thousand pounds for a statue. What if Rhadamanthus doomed him rather, let us say, to ride in express trains, nowhither, for twenty-five aeons, or to hang in Heaven as a locomotive constellation, and be a sign for ever!

E. W. C.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Lady at Home; or Leaves from the Every-day Book of an American Woman.* By T. S. ARTHUR, Author of "The Maiden," &c. London: Hodson.

AN interesting endeavour to teach domestic management by practical illustration of supposed occurrences in the home life of a lady. The topics of this useful little book will be best understood by naming some of the chapters. There is one, "Jane, my Irish Cook," which shows the faults and virtues that belong to this important member of an establishment. "My old Washer-woman," is in a like strain. The style is simple and unaffected; the thoughts are uncommonly sensible; altogether, it is just the book for young house-keepers to read, and even the experienced will glean from it some valuable hints.

*Rutherford's Border Handbook; being a Guide to the Remarkable Places, Picturesque Scenery, and Antiquities of the Border.* Kelso: Rutherford.

THE beauties of Scotland are now so easily and cheaply visited, that a handbook for the stranger is a necessity admirably supplied by Mr. RUTHERFORD, in the handsome volume before us. Not only is it a complete guide to the scenery of the Borders, supplying all the information as to the history of the various objects of interest, routes, &c. but the narrative, which is very well written, is illustrated with numerous steel engravings, that add vastly to the recommendations of the volume, as they serve for reminiscences also. No person should contemplate a tour on the Borders without Mr. RUTHERFORD's volume in his travelling trunk.

*The Book of Knitted and Netted Embroidery.* No. 4 of the Lady's Library. Darton & Co.

THE new number of a series of *real Ladies' Companions*, which has acquired an extraordinary popularity, but no more than it deserved. The instructions are remarkably simple and intelligible, and made more so by numerous engravings of patterns, and of the manner of working them. Our lady friends inform us that it is by far the most practical guide to ladies' work that ever fell in their way, and that they would not be without it for ten times its cost.

*Junius: including Letters by the same writer under other Signatures, &c.* By JOHN WADE. Vol. 2. London: Bohn.

THIS second and concluding volume of the collected works of JUNIUS contains his private and miscellaneous letters, and a new essay on the authorship. Mr. BOHN has done good service to the political history of the period in which JUNIUS flourished, by thus gathering together all that remains of him, so that his merits may be tried by a larger test than the work that made him famous. For our own part we must confess, that these compositions do not bear out their promise; but they are interesting, as proceeding from such a man, and they serve to throw considerable light upon the politics and parties of the period, and thus to be materials for future historians.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, for July, is distinguished by a powerful paper on "Prostitution." The writer pleads energetically that the vice which cannot be *suppressed* should be regulated,—that although we may not put it out of existence we may mitigate its horrors by some such rules as are so profitably for the community of Paris, pursued in that city. Much startling information is collected. Many seemingly new theses are broached—new, perhaps, to the citizens of this country, because puritanism and official neglect have prevented us looking a monster evil boldly in the face, and thus we have slept over a social volcano unfrightened, but not unharmed. The writer has established a case that should ensure legislative interference, and he has collected a mass of information which deserves the attention of every man who is anxious for the welfare and safety of society. The other papers are a very superior sketch of the "Life of Leonardo di Vinci"—a criticism on SCHILLER's "Wallenstein," and

of Mr. COLERIDGE's translation of this drama; "Life of Dr. Combe;" "Classical Education," in which the essayist earnestly endeavours to correct the popular cry for more education, by showing that, for the present at least, we should be content to improve the nature of the instruction that is administered; "Railway Management," and "The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris," occupy a prominent place.

The *Dublin University Magazine*, for July, commences a new volume, with a very attractive article on the "Gifts of Science to Art" describing the recent wonders of mechanical discovery. The books elaborately reviewed are, "Modern State Trials," "Southey's Correspondence," and a batch of new novels. The most rational paper is an extremely interesting contribution on "The Poets and Poetry of Munster." The story of "Maurice Tierney" is continued. The subject of the Portrait Gallery for the month, is the Earl of Rosse, of whom a characteristic portrait is given.

*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, for July, is remarkable for a vigorous and well-timed article on the recent measure for increasing Sunday labour by closing the post-office. As coming from Scotland, this testimony to the desecrating results of that measure is doubly valuable, and there is much beside worthy of perusal. "A Chapter on Provincial Journalism" is curious and interesting. It is by far the best number of *Tait* we have seen for a long time.

The *Eclectic Review*, for July, has a very popularized paper on "Wordsworth: his Character and Genius." It is not, however, as has become the fashion with those who write of the bard of Rydal, all praise. "British and Continental Libraries," is a good *résumé* of the whole library question, and will greatly help those who have entered into the recent discussions to form a judgment. The material is not of mere newspaper paragraphs, but the compiler has been active in collecting his facts from many sources. The other papers are: "St. John's Residence in the Levant;" BLAKEY'S "History of Philosophy;" "Life in Denmark;" PAYNE'S "Lectures on Theology;" STRAUSS'S "Journey in the East;" "The Exhibition of Ancient and Mediæval Art;" "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," and "Anti-State Church Movement." [A correspondent has called our attention to an error in the last notice of this magazine. The Dr. PRICE who now edits the work is the same who for so many years showed to the world, through the medium of its pages, the value of toleration and charity. He has resumed the editorship as a protection to the *Review*, Mr. LINWOOD's rather advanced liberalism having secured to it the hatred and opposition of a large portion of the advanced saints.]

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, for July, contains too great a variety for us to make special mention of all. "A Memoir of Vincent de Paul," and the "Life of Dr. Andrew Combe," are worth attention, and the account of "Continental Discoveries of Antiquity," is illustrated with engravings.

The *Journal of Sacred Literature* for July has articles on "Evidence of the Resurrection;" "History of the Early Study of Hebrew in England;" "Poetical Legends of the Talmud;" "Chronological Harmony of the Gospels;" "Recent Apocalyptic Literature," and several other subjects.

The *Catholic Magazine and Register* is earnest as ever in the cause nearest at heart. Fifteen different subjects are treated of.

The *Palladium: a Journal of Literature, Politics, Science and Art*, for July (Part I.), seems to be prepared with much care. The subjects of the articles are "Carlyle's Pamphlets;" "Invasion of Nepal;" GILFILLAN'S "Portraits;" "Reminiscences of Rome and Romanism during the Days of the last Republic;" EMERSON'S "Representative Men;" and "Proposed Scheme of National Education for Scotland." There is a tale also—"The Minister of Finance." We can say of the work that it is liberal in sentiment.

*Universal Dictionary*, by JOHN CRAIG, Esq., No. 1. This is sent as a specimen number, and certainly it promises to be a valuable addition to English literature. Mr. CRAIG has united the advantages to be found in all other dictionaries of our language, and added many hundred words found nowhere beside.

The 129th number of *Burnett's Illustrations of Useful Plants*, contains coloured engravings with full descriptions, scientific and popular, of "The Winter Green" and "The Long-horned Desidrobrium."

The *British Gazetteer*, part for July, contains "Hal" to "Hea."

The *People's and Howitt's Journal*, for July.

Mr. KNIGHT's publications, which we have frequently commended, are

*Pictorial Half-Hours*. Part 2.

*Half-Hours with the best Authors*. Part 3.

*Cyclopædia of Geography*. The British Empire.

Part 3 (devoted to Birmingham and Buckinghamshire).

The *National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*.

Part 42 contains "Sitkha" to "Spongia."

The *Land we Live In*. Part 34. Devoted to Westminster Abbey.

The remainder of the Monthlies for July that have been forwarded to us, are:

The *Ecclesiastical and Theologian*.

The *Churchman's Companion*.

The *Scottish Magazine and Churchman's Review*.

The *Cottage Gardener*.

The *Looker-On*.

The *Public Good*.

*London Medical Examiner*.

#### IRISH LITERATURE.

The *Sketch Book*. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

*Bracebridge Hall*. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Dublin: Duffy.

THE year 1850 is not the time for a review of the contents of these delightful volumes, so long and so justly popular. Although *Bracebridge Hall* resembles the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers," in *The Spectator*, a little too closely to leave it the merit of complete originality, yet the filling up of ADDISON's outline is executed in such a manner as to please all readers.

The publisher of these volumes was the first to place them, in the shilling form, before the public, *The Sketch Book* having been issued by him before any of the English houses. Indeed, Mr. DUFFY was, we believe, the first to adopt the shilling-volume system, having issued twenty volumes at that price, as far back as 1844. These books have been got up in good style, and will no doubt have a fair share of the market.

It is most pleasing to contemplate the amount of good which the accessibility of such works will no doubt effect. The pure and elevated thought—the genuine Christianity, and the exalted charity which breathe through the pages of WASHINGTON IRVING, render him a safe companion for the young; and the droll and quiet humour which some of his stories display, makes him a most amusing one as well.—From our *Dublin Correspondent*.

#### LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

THE advantages of Life Assurance are almost too familiar to need enforcement. The ready means it offers for making a provision for families, apart from all personal risks, is a recommendation peculiar to it, and which places it far above all other means of saving. But there are other reasons, not so generally understood, why this particular method of laying by money is more profitable and advantageous than any other. Not only does it assure the individual against the accidents of life, so that, even if he should die the day after he is insured, he leaves his wife and children provided for, but it also induces him to save when otherwise he would not do so. If it was merely a voluntary act with a man to put by at the end of every year a certain sum, say 10*l.*, he would not do so regularly. Every momentary temptation would be an inducement to defer the payment—a pleasure trip, the claims of a creditor, indolence, and the absence of the controlling feeling that it must be done. Even if he have resolution regularly to lay it by, he is not at all sure that he will be able to employ it safely, and turn it to advantage by putting it out at interest. He has the trouble of taking

care of it, the risk of lending it, and the consciousness that if he were to die before the full natural term of his life had expired, there would be but a small sum for his family. But by adopting an Assurance with the *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, he secures all the advantages which we are about to enumerate:

1st. Having to make his payment regularly, he counts upon it, and arranges all his expenses accordingly, so that it is paid like his rent or any other necessary expenditure, and saved almost without his being conscious of it.

2nd. The money so saved is employed by the Society to much greater advantage than he could employ it, so that he receives it back with interest, and it is safely employed, so that he is sure of having it again, without risk of loss, or anxiety.

3rd. He is relieved from all the chances of an early death, so that if he should die within a short period after the Assurance, although he may not have paid 20*l.*, he will receive back 500*l.*

4th. If he should live to the natural term of life, he reaps the benefit of this in sharing of the profits of the Society, which usually yield an addition to his Assurance very nearly equal to the amount of the Assurance itself. Thus doubling his fortune!

The special advantages that result from assuring your Life with the *Law Property Assurance Society* are that, from the nature of its business, its profits must be very much greater than those of any other Office, and those profits, from whatever source arising, are divided among those who assure their lives with it—so that it offers the largest amount of pecuniary benefit, combined with the greatest security.

Tables, with rates of premiums, and forms of proposal, will be sent to any person addressing a note to the Secretary, at the Office, 30, Essex-street, Strand, or they may be had, and an Assurance effected, on application to either of the following Agents:

Arundel—Mr. Robert French.

Battle—Mr. Robert Young.

Birkenhead—Mr. James Gill.

Bolton—Messrs. Watkins.

" Messrs. Richardson and Marsland.

Braintree—Mr. M. Lane.

Bradford (Yorkshire)—Mr. E. A. Barret.

Bridgewater—Mr. Vaughan France.

Bristol—Mr. Bush.

Dorchester—Messrs. Coombs and Son.

Dover—Messrs. Pain and Fielding.

East Dereham—Mr. N. Girling.

Greenwich—Mr. M. Taylor, Circus.

Halsted—Mr. J. G. Shepherd.

Hastings—Mr. Charles Payne.

Hull—Mr. C. J. Todd.

Littlehampton—Mr. Robert French.

Manchester—Mr. C. Gamon.

Northampton—Mr. George Cooke.

Ringwood—Mr. N. T. Johns.

Rugeley—Mr. James Gardener.

Salisbury—Mr. E. C. P. Kelsey.

Sherborne—Mr. B. Chandler.

Tring—Mr. G. L. Faithfull.

Yeovil—Messrs. Slade and Vining.

#### MUSIC.

##### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

It is reported that Mr. Lumley has "signed" with MM. Scribe and Halévy for another opera, to be produced next season.—Madame Pasta gave a benefit concert on Monday evening in the Grand Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre. She was assisted by the artists of that establishment.—An opera company,



with Mlle. Nau as its *prima donna* and Mr. Travers for principal tenor, and conducted by M. Meyer Lutz, has commenced operations at the Surrey Theatre.—At one of the principal churches at Pesth, recently, the performance of "The Messiah" was appointed for a charitable purpose. On the morning of the day appointed it was discovered that the organ had been tuned exactly a semitone too high. This was an awkward blunder, but how it was to be remedied no one could tell, until the organist, a Bohemian by birth, suggested that he should play the whole one half tone lower, and this difficult feat he actually performed.—The Olympic Theatre is still in the market,—the statement that Mr. Farren had taken it having been premature.—The "net proceeds" of the six concerts given by Mlle. Jenny Lind in the Stockholm theatre, and handed over by her to the Theatrical Pension Fund, amount, say the foreign papers, to 2,400l.—The Royal Academy Concerts closed for the season on Saturday week.—The University of Jena has granted to Meyerbeer the title of doctor, or, as the German phrase runs, the dignity of the doctor's hat.—Sir E. B. Lytton's novels seem to be in favour for opera-subjects at Dresden. "Rienzi" was composed for the Saxon capital by Herr Wagner—in the "merry days" of art, before Herr Wagner left music for politics. We now see that a new "Last Days of Pompeii," by Her Bapst, of Dresden, set by Herr Bapst, of Königsberg, is about to be produced during the course of the autumn.—M. Horace Vernet has just returned from his journey to Russia, where he met with the most flattering reception. At the moment of his departure the Emperor presented him with 500,000fr., as the price of his works.—A supplementary performance of the Beethoven Quartett Society took place on Monday, at the new Beethoven Rooms, for the benefit of Ernst, the distinguished violinist, who has led these quartett performances during the season.

## ART.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

[FOURTH NOTICE.]

PASSING from the Academicians to the Associates, the first places are claimed for Mr. POOLE, and for Mr. EGG, by his picture, *Peter the Great sees Catharine, his future Empress, for the first time* (No. 292); a work painted in a most manly manner, and with an effect accounted for in every inch; one which cannot, unless by a very careless observer, be referred to that meretricious class to which pictures, like this, of what may be called historical genre, too often belong. Catharine is shown bringing refreshments to the tent where Peter is in consultation with his officers; and he looks up with surprise at her beauty and dignity. The other figures, without detracting from the point of interest, are introduced in judicious action, and combine to form a composition exceedingly natural. The incident of a girl with drinkables is common enough in every exhibition; but, independently of the consideration, that it is here a part of the subject, the beauty of Catharine's face, at once pure and characteristic, totally unlike the stupid Greek inanities that surfeit the eye on all hands, and the native nobility of her carriage, would suffice, under any circumstances, to show the elevation of the artist's purpose: nor is the head of Peter conceived in a less worthy spirit. The completeness of the work in all respects accounts fully for its unobtrusiveness; ample time having evidently been bestowed on its every quality to render it throughout equal and congruous. There is none of that glaring attractiveness which alone draws attention to some pictures illustrating the same period, as though the costume had never existed save in a fancy-ball; no forcing of colour to suit a theory; no exaggeration of character or drawing. The head of the officer at the end of the table does, indeed, appear to us somewhat curiously shaped, but not more so than might be considered peculiar in nature. We look upon this as beyond doubt the finest work yet produced by Mr. Egg, and as an earnest of what he will accomplish: excellent qualities have been unmistakably apparent in others, but in none has he shown so much power of self-control, so sufficient, yet moderate an use of his means. To superficial observers he offers that attraction which they are accustomed to expect, in pictures of what they consider the same class,—to the more profound those

sterling qualities which make them recognise a work of high art, in the strictest sense of the term; thus dealing out wisely to every spectator according to his ability.

Mr. POOLE's only picture is *The Messenger announcing to Job the irruption of the Sabæans, and the Slaughter of the Servants* (No. 389), a combination of high daring, and even genius, with slovenly or perverse inequalities in parts, especially with a reckless ambition to be wrong in drawing,—as witness the "Gordian Acrobat" state to which a boy in the foreground is made to reduce himself by the simple act of pouring wine. There is, besides, a certain general weakness of action, a loose unstrung habit of limbs, a something of purpose half achieved. The first messenger, occupying the upper centre, though with the blood of the strife yet on his forehead, speaks his tale at leisure. This is not he who "only is escaped alone." The other, who comes at his heels, is more eager and haggard, and the actor, admirably unstudied, needs but to be carried further. Yet allowance must be made for the necessity of guarding against all tendency to excess in such a subject; and, after making every deduction, the power of the work greatly overbalances its shortcomings. There is the lurid storm-character in the air, boding and doleful: the day pauses over that house, and to that do the clouds tend. The more to come is guessed at and implied: the air vibrates with fate, like the warning of an earthquake-shock. And, if we consider the intention of the composition, at first unpleasantly symmetrical, it will be found thoughtful and good. The friends are, by a not blameable license of anticipation, introduced as present. Of the three seated together—and we except these figures from the charge of inadequate action—one, younger and earnest, seems to be Elihu: another listens with a greedy self-applause touching on satisfaction. The third of the comforters is perhaps seated near Job himself, though the position suggests rather one of the household. Job—no mere conventional superannuated patriarch, but a great man among his people, authoritative, a judge and a benefactor,—rises in haste: his wife, sitting beside him, speaks on the impulse of the moment. Shall it be said that the movement of these two figures should be reversed, that he that endured should be passive, she that would "curse God and die," rash in action as in speech? Perhaps so: yet it may not be overlooked that a wise passiveness is the result, not of any unreadiness to do, of any despondency before a first misfortune, and that worked by human and lawless means, but only of the conviction that blesses for the taking away as for the gift. The composition closes with two figures in pictorial antithesis,—symbolic, as we understand them; to the right, enters a woman laden with grapes: to the left, is one pressing out their juice, whose face still looks toward Job, while she is turned as if to depart. It is his cup of joy that is full, and shall not soon be replenished. In the matter of orientalisms, Mr. POOLE has made a sort of compromise between the classical and the French Bedouin-Arab systems; and the effect, whether ethnologically correct or otherwise, is sufficiently characteristic for the general purposes of art. The colour, always an individual point with this painter, here serves (by a more than chance-fitness, we conceive), the feeling of the work; the reflected glares of the draperies, of those peculiar tones of orange and green which he has made his own, being indicative of an atmosphere dreadful with latent lightning and with the coming of woe.

James II. in his Palace of Whitehall, receiving the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange, in 1688 (No. 350), by Mr. E. M. WARD, is in that anecdotal style which the public is used to expect from his hand, less striking than the "Fall of Clarendon," but still among his better efforts. The incident of the Queen attempting to draw the attention of James, who stares vacantly and unconsciously at the ground, to the infant Prince of Wales, is well thought of, and, in rendering, the best point of the picture; but the action is one hardly probable under the supposition of her privy to the announcement made to him, while, if otherwise, her woe-begone pale face is not appropriate. Equally good, and unobjectionable on the score of consistency, is the idea of the lady who, whispering to her companion, points to the miniature at her bosom, hung by an orange ribbon. Undue prominence is, we think, given to the courtier listening behind the screen, who, though a mere

accessory to the story, stands out the most conspicuous object. In colour, Mr. WARD appears to aim at following Mr. LESLIE's steps,—a dangerous experiment, resulting in want of force and in a commonness which, indeed, as in the selection of nature and character, qualifies Mr. WARD's pictures in more respects than one. The artist's second contribution—*Isaak Walton Angling; a Summer's Day on the banks of the Colne* (No. 457), though cold in execution, is pleasant, fresh, and savours of its hero.

Mr. FRITH's picture (No. 322), *Sancho tells a tale to the Duke and Duchess to prove that Don Quixote is at the bottom of the table*, is a clever piece of studio making-up, uninformed by any high apprehension of the subject. The Don is merely a "lean and slippered pantaloon," incapable of anything beyond imbecility; his squire, while less wide of the mark, is not the Sancho, nor the lady who listens to him the Duchess, of our recollection and Mr. LESLIE's embodiment. (No. 543), *Mr. Honeywood introduces the Bailiffs to Miss Richland as his friends*, is more characteristic after its kind of nature—just so much, that is to say, as is demanded by a vaudeville *coup d'œil* method adapted to its theme. Belonging to the same section in art, Mr. ELMORE reduces it this year below the level of intellect and invention, to that of mere masquerade and costume-spinning. That he should have painted No. 312 is pardonable; but that he should entitle it *Griselda*, and quote Chaucer to it, cannot be overlooked. Poetical feeling or appropriate character there is none; and the one point of originality is a squint bestowed upon the much suffering heroine. This and No. 526 are equally ballet scenes, the latter not needing much blame in this respect, did it not claim to be an illustration of Boccaccio. To "Griselda" has Mr. REDGRAVE also had recourse; and the result is a picture (No. 233) in his ordinary vein of domestic sentiment, varied enough, though not very forcible in character. But that he seems unable to realize beauty or true elevation in his faces, that of Griselda herself, expressive of a reverie of pleasant imaginings, might be pronounced successful. *The Child's Prayer* (493), is of the pathos and water school, unpleasant to English flesh and blood, yet stirring, it must be admitted, to the emotions of our white waistcoats and cambric pocket-handkerchiefs. *The Woods planted by Evelyn* (534), is a landscape in Mr. REDGRAVE's agreeable style, pleasant, though not of his best. Two prominent "Associate" offenders are Mr. HOLLINS and Mr. PATTEN, the former in (No. 214), *Peter denying Christ*, and in his unmeaning *Jessica and Launcelot* (481), the latter in his *Swasnah and the Elders* (38), a clear case of defamation of character, and in his dreary classicities (Nos. 245 and 446).

The Academicians and Associates discussed, we come to their juniors by position; and of all these we shall find none assuming a more remarkable attitude than the really youngest, those who, but a year or two ago, were unknown to the walls of the Exhibition, and who are now at any rate sufficiently known and argued of. Such an effect is not produced without striking qualities in its producers. Mediocrity or routine may excite attention, or even admiration, in its allotted season; but it never causes a ferment. It is spoken of, liked or disliked, or despised; but its origin and bearings are not debated; it is not the occasion of rancour and party spirit. In truth it would be a labour of supererogation to defend the works we allude to, among which are included those of Messrs. HUNT and MILLAIS in this exhibition, from the charge of mediocrity, were it not that accusations, impossible in that form against works palpably unlike the ordinary run, are launched at the assumed imitation of the elder examples in modern art; and what, in whatever shape, is imitation but the supplying of one's own deficiency in original power from the wealth of others? But these accusations, if examined, will be often found laboriously to refute themselves. The position once advanced that the works under review are imitations of the earlier Italians, it will be shown categorically that these imitators have missed everything possessed by their originals, and have aimed at many things they would have shrunk from with contempt and disgust: inasmuch as they did not elaborate shavings, did not represent disease, did not treat sacred subjects with an utter abnegation of sacred feeling, did not excel in the mere mechanism of art. We shall be enlightened with an essay on the preference due to perspective over the want of it, with an assertion that the

early painters would have applied it to their practice but for the narrow limits of their executive knowledge, with a second assertion, consequent hereon, that these their imitators perversely, and without any such excuse, ignore perspective and the other accessions of power time has placed at their disposal; and the upshot of all will be that the living artist is a wonderful executant, and a miserable conceiver, blasphemous, profane, revolting, sickening; that his imitation, or servile copy, or attempt at galvanising death, possesses not one quality of that which it imitates—whose characteristics are purity of feeling, devoutness, love,—and does possess in an eminent degree, that for want of which its original fails of perfection. A school of men in a remote century, and a man in the present year, aim at sacred art; the one achieves this aim spiritually, and fails manually, the other, succeeding manually achieves, because of the lowness of his ideas, something not spiritual, not even human, but brutal and degrading; and judging from these premises, let us, O British public, recognize the closeness of the copy.

It will not fail to be remembered that, in what is said above, we have been merely repeating accusations already made, and that iteration does not imply concurrence. Far, indeed, are we from adopting the same ground, or from arriving at the same conclusion; and most distinctly would we be understood to dissent from the inconceivably absurd charge of incorrect perspective, against which, were it not too contemptible, the artists attacked might appeal to the professor of that science at the academy, or to any other person knowing anything at all of the subject. That Mr. MILLAIS's picture, No. 518, contains expression developed to a higher degree than beauty, and to a degree too merely circumstantial; that it contains limbs from nature, not justifiable in being from ugly nature, we admit and lament; but that the purpose is noble and eminently sacred, the symbolism distinct and consistent, we hope to prove. The text is this: "And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." The picture represents the interior of a carpenter's shop, not qualified, if we may trust our own perceptions, by squalor or dirt, but simply by the common and necessary adjuncts, tools, shavings, and planks of wood, and moreover by glorious colour and unique manipulation. Jesus, a child in the house of his parents, has wounded His hand with a nail; and the blood, dripping, has marked His foot also: smearings of it stain the block of wood that He was touching. His mother kneels to bind up the hurt, whom He kisses and comforts; while St. Joseph, pausing from his work, draws back the hand, to look at it. The infant St. John the Baptist advances with a bowl of water; he who will in future time baptize the Lord into His ministry of suffering; St. Elizabeth also is present, and an assistant to St. Joseph in his trade. Outside is a fold of sheep bleating into the air, unknowing, yet conscious. The picture tells thus, in typical utterance, of Jesus, suffering and consoling; of the Blessed Virgin loving and serving; of the Baptist ministering; of His flock. Is the idea unworthy? Of the treatment, having already expressed our dissent from its excesses, we need only say that it is throughout human; the types humanly possible and probable; never mere symbol independent of the action, and whether apt we have explained. And shall we at last say that the effect of the whole, once understood—(and its meaning is sufficiently self-evident)—is poetry? Poetry, not of the judgment, but of the mind and the hand; poetry that informs the colour and the accessories, which is the art of the artist by and through which he works. And, as for the blemishes, they would not be there but for the feebleness, the non-entity visible and concrete, against which they exaggerate re-action. Mr. MILLAIS's *Ferdinand lured by Ariel* (No. 504) is a more perfect work, more wonderful, a marvel of executive delicacy poured out with delighted profuseness as from a cornucopia. Are we most to admire the labour or the facility, or rather to pronounce them one? or how decide between the conception and the variety in action of the elves?—a kind of vegetable bats that claw themselves together into phalanxes, that, clinging to the bushes, would not be seen, being of them, and that would, may-har, change their nature could they but once pass the twined thickness of leaves. To the Ariel we demur on grounds less strong than, but not dissimilar from, those on which we have objected to certain points in the

other picture; not because the spirit is green, which we hold to be as reasonable as flesh-colour, or because embodied otherwise than as a mere conventional sylph or ballet-girl; but because sufficient reference seems not to have been had to the idea of the poem, and indeed to the words of the *dramatis personæ*: "Ariel, an airy Spirit." But, after all, we feel even well founded objections to be almost impertinent, as not reaching the "root of the matter," before a work which may be said to have added to the known limits and phases of art. *The Portrait of a Gentleman and his Grandchild* (No. 429), by this artist, is remarkable for characteristic truth, and for an uncompromising brilliancy and simplicity of daylight effect.

Mr. HUNT exhibits *A converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary: from the persecution of the Druids* (No. 553.) The story is told distinctly and with a striking attention to suggestive detail. In a hut constructed with one side open (as are the brickmakers' sheds at the present day), and adjacent to a river—an arrangement whereby, without any unnatural sacrifice to pictorial necessities, the artist has enabled us to see what is passing within and without—is a Christian priest who sinks exhausted. He has been engaged in preaching to the Britons at a temple of the old religion; and from there the Druids are inciting the savages to persecution. These are chasing a second missionary, who, flying, is now well nigh hunted to death. He pants and his limbs are encumbered, while behind, is the whooping and yelling crowd, pitiless. Inside, the occupiers of the hut are ministering to the safety and restoration of their teacher. A youth, who is squeezing juice of the grape to revive him, into a cup held by a little boy, watches, from a gap in the wall, the people collected around the temple. Two men are together at the door: one of whom (the head of the family) shuts it, while he gazes at the fate of the Christian in flight. A boy crouched on the ground is listening to the feet of the pursuers. A woman is moistening the preacher's mouth with a sponge; a second supports him from behind; and a girl is removing a thorn bramble which has clung to his dress in his escape, and has torn his feet. The action is thus at once one and double; simple in motive, varied in the carrying out. Not less is the thought bestowed on the part borne in the general action by each of the numerous subordinate figures in the background; not one but has something to do; not two that do the same thing only. The whole is painted with the utmost care: it is a production in every respect conscientiously conceived and executed. There is real hard work about it; whether we look at the foreground of shallow water with its reeds, or at the countenances, or the draperies; or whether we consider the effect of broad sunlight, aimed at not merely in the mass, but in the painting of each part. So scrupulously, indeed, has this object been held in view, that it may in some measure have counteracted itself: hence a certain crudity of colouring which makes the picture stand out bodily from those about it. But, beyond all, what we think most to be admired is the thought evident in the suggestions which help to explain the story. Thus, a cross rudely marked with paint on the wall of the hut, and having a lamp burning before it, explains that the inmates are converted; thus, fishing-nets are hung in the sun to dry, pointing to the same object with reference to the asserted sacredness of fish in the druidical religion. It is scarcely necessary to say that the work is painted in utter disregard of all rules simply conventional, and for which no reason can be deduced from nature; and the mere trick of composition is of these. Yet composition founded on beauty when not incompatible with likelihood, is a true principle, not lightly to be departed from; and we may notice an unnecessary, and so far injudicious, repetition of perpendicular lines in the lower drapery of the principal figure as connected with that of the woman. The texts from scripture, written on the frame, are well chosen, and would serve, were that needful, as a comment on the picture.

A work which may, more truly than Mr. HUNT's, be referred to the "Early Christian" style, is Mr. C. COLLINS's *Berenegaria's alarm for the Safety of her Husband, Richard Cœur de Lion, awakened by the sight of his Girdle offered for sale at Rome* (No. 535.) Here there is something of an assumed manner, something engrafted on the picture, not spontaneously growing into it, out of faithful subjection to nature. It is evident that Mr. COLLINS admires certain works, and

desires to emulate them in his own practice: and there is so much promise in his present production, so much gentle and natural feeling, that we doubt not the following of form will result in the community of spirit. Meanwhile, we cannot but censure the gilt inlaying of the floor, and its unpleasant oblique pattern,—a combination which gives the appearance of deficient perspective: and the close-cut hedge of trees, while aiming at the straight and severe landscape-forms of early art, belongs to a later period of time. Again, Berenegaria was famed for her golden, not for black, hair. These, however, are but minor defects, and are far from lessening, in any serious degree, our pleasure at the many sterling qualities displayed by Mr. COLLINS; considering which, we may be certain that such inaccuracies and over-zeal in style will in time disappear, and that shortly. The same feelings as in Mr. COLLINS's case have evidently attended the production of a small picture by Mr. J. CLIFTON, hung high in the miniature-room (No. 723), *A Scene from the Duchess May of Mrs. Browning*. But there are marks here of a less delicate perception. Purity of form degenerates into a raw-boned lankness, not less incorrect in such a subject than unpleasant to the eye; and the colour, as far as we can judge, is cold and dead. A very creditable industry is, nevertheless, apparent throughout, with some success in character where beauty is not an indispensable element; and the effort at severity has had a manifest tendency to correct a bad feeling of another and far more offensive nature, seen in the artist's "Falstaff" of last year.

Mr. HANNAH contributes a work in a class widely different from what he mostly exhibits, and with no small amount of success. His subject is from the second part of "Henry IV.," *Lady Northumberland and Lady Percy dissuading the Earl from joining the Wars* (No. 572.) The action and feeling are the extreme of simplicity,—yet far from sinking into commonplace; and the attention to costume is deserving of all praise, especially as shown by an artist who seldom seems to apply it for his own purposes. A domestic touch, charmingly rendered, and so as by no means to lower the character of the work, is the figure of the little child standing at the door in an attitude of deprecation, whose unspoken appeal adds weight to that of her mother. The treatment of colour—of a pure violet-grey tone—assists the sober feeling of the work, to which the only objection we notice of a nature personal to Mr. HANNAH is the modern look of Lady Northumberland; and this is probably more or less dependent on our familiarity with the same head in the artist's domestic subjects.

There is always in Mr. HOOK's pictures a feeling for female grace and beauty to which we cannot refuse our belief as something truly his, yet the constant reproduction of which under a form invariably the same is calculated to raise suspicions of a source merely manual and mechanical. His "Cavalier" is another stock-figure, far less intrinsically pleasing than his lady, and who, after doing duty in one and the same year as Bayard and as Francesco Novello, does not strike as very appropriate for a mere walking lover in *A Dream of Venice* (No. 503.) The artificial arrangement in No. 376 (a subject similar to Mr. EASTLAKE's), where several people are supposed to find "shelter" from armed pursuers in a "thicket" consisting of a few thin trees, transparent to the eyes of a mole, is too absurd to escape universal detection: but the face and the intention in the movement of the lady make some amends. We think that Mr. HOOK may yet redeem his promise, and turn his "sympathetic" qualities to real account, if he will but determine to bestow thought and conscientious care on whatever he does, and to avoid conventionalisms, his own as well as others'.

We have before alluded to a design for a picture (No. 946) by Mr. CAVE THOMAS, illustrating the text, "Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh,—at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest, coming suddenly, he find you sleeping." This design certainly cannot be accused of want of purpose: and the purpose is conveyed through the medium of an advanced practice in art. We could wish most heartily to see it carried out on a large scale, and with the resources of oil painting, were it not that, as already observed, we conceive Mr. THOMAS's powers to be not strictly pictorial. The action of the several figures—the reader, and the listener, and they who watch the hour-glass; and the



women, one with her children, one praying, one trimming her lamp for the night-watch; the young men who have fallen asleep, their armour lying idle beside them, and the woman who would rouse them up,—all this is largely thought and executed; and there is over all a certain mystic emblematic ideal, produced to its object and its cause in the figure of the Lord, who, seen dimly in the twilight, approaches the door. This makes the quiet composure of all within dreadful with meaning expectation.

#### COMPETITION OF THE PRIZE MEDALS FOR 1851.

SINCE witnessing this exposure, we have applied ourselves diligently to working out the problem—Whether we had ever before seen anything so unspeakably ridiculous; and to the answer “No,” have finally affixed a mental Q. E. D. We had begun to jot down notes for future reference; but the idea of judging these things as works of art soon struck us as too ill-natured, and the notion of entering individually or systematically into their merits (!) as too ludicrous; and the remaining five minutes of our sojourn—reader, we were there upwards of five minutes altogether—passed in the helpless, but conscientious contemplation of admitted vacancy. The only serious relief we experienced to a feeling of humiliated amusement, was in seeing two works, placed in an indifferent light (Nos. 49 and 50.) These are highly refined in execution, and tell a story worth executing, one of them especially. It is described “The Competition of the Lever, being the basis of mechanical power;” and is, of course, applicable to the section of mechanical arts. Two men are represented: one trusting in his physical strength, and using a short lever, strains every nerve; the other, with a longer lever, lifts at his ease a heavier weight, and to a greater height. Attention has been bestowed on rendering the design as adaptable as possible to its purpose: thus, Britannia is behind in the act recording the name of the victor on a monument, where, in the medal, may be introduced that of the actual prizeman. In a shield on this monument, a spider is emblazoned, spinning its web—a symbol of manufacture, the object of the mechanic arts. A statement of the action in the work is an exposition of its appropriateness, on which we need not, therefore, enlarge. The companion design, though with less meaning, is solidly simple, and, in rendering, not inferior. We have had some experience of the decisions of art committees; but the most flagrant instance on record of their injustice and senselessness, would be the omission of both or either of these works from the list of first-class prizes. There is nothing here at all comparable to them. Among the others, the only one in which we detected an intention, is No. 112, where the personification of a sculptor is presented as crowned by his own work; but the realization of the idea in art induces a degree of extravagance; and the evidence of practice in its working cannot excuse carelessness. Executive skill is shown also in No. 99, and its two fellows. No. 104, and the companions 20 and 21, rank comparatively high; and one production, No. 123, a compound of ELIHU BURRITT, represented by a tailor’s advertisement, the Prince of Wales, and something about “universal penny postage,” would make it worth the while of a hypochondriac to walk down to the Society of Arts.

The above was written before the decision of the commissioners was known, excluding the two works here chiefly alluded to. We will not make any comment on the fact: but the public will judge.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE monument to the memory of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, by Mr. R. Westmacott, has been erected in Canterbury Cathedral.—Mr. Corbould, the artist, has received the commands of her Majesty to paint a large picture of the grand coronation scene in the opera of *Le Prophète*, as represented at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden.—Mr. Gibson, the eminent sculptor, has received an order for a colossal group, in marble, of figures of Her Majesty, supported on either side by Justice and Clemency. The figure of the Queen will be ten feet in height, the side figures eight feet. This group will occupy a place in the new Houses of Parliament.—Mr. Edwin Landseer and Mr. John

Watson Gordon, the Queen’s lunner in Scotland and President of the Scottish Academy, have received the honour of knighthood at the Levee held on Wednesday last.—The “*Ecce Homo*” of Corregio, which forms one of the masterpieces of art deposited in the National Gallery, has been engraved by Mr. George Thomas Doo, and is now in course of publication by Mr. Hogarth, of the Haymarket. The engraving is entirely in line, and is understood to form the first of a series from pictures in the National collection.—Alderman Salomons has presented to the Corporation of the City of London a large folding Screen, on which is painted, by Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, the subject of George the Third on one of his visits to the city of London being received at Temple Bar by the then Lord Mayor, the independent Beckford.—One of the results of Dr. Waagen’s present visit to England has been the discovery at the Earl of Suffolk’s, at Charlton, in Wiltshire, of the original picture of the fine Holy Family, by Leonardo da Vinci, known by the name of “*La Vierge aux Rochers*,” in which the Virgin is represented kneeling in a rocky scene, with the infant Christ before her held by an angel.—Workmen are at present occupied in placing in the galleries of Versailles several objects of art recently removed from the museums of Paris. A statue of Napoleon is to be put in a vacant place in what is called the *Escalier des Princes*, leading to the *Galerie des Batailles*. In the gallery at the bottom of this staircase statues of Turgot, Malesherbes, and Laplace are to be deposited. Busts of Generals de Barral, Regnault, Duvivier, De Bréa, and Negrier (the last four generals were, it will be remembered, killed in the insurrection of 1848) are to be placed in the collection of generals who have fallen in battle.

The following lines have been inscribed upon a stone recently placed by the Earl of Ellesmere over the grave of Addison in Westminster Abbey. The lines are by Tickell. The Montague alluded to was Charles first Earl of Halifax:—

ADDISON.  
Ne’er to these chambers where the mighty rest,  
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;  
Nor e’er was to the bower of bliss conveyed  
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade,  
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,  
And sleep in peace next thy lov’d Montague.  
Born 1672.—Died 1719.

Egerton, Earl of Ellesmere, P.C. 1849.  
A very curious specimen of ancient art, discovered some time ago at Autun, has been brought to this country by its owner, M. Jovet, and is now to be seen at No. 11, Pall-mall East. It represents Bellerophon mounted on Pegasus in the act of slaying the Chimæra. The head of the horse is clumsy, but generally the design is correct and bold, and the delicacy of colouring effected by means so difficult as the junction of *tesselle* is really wonderful. There is not, we believe, in this country so large and perfect a specimen of the tessellated work of the Romans.—The pleasing circumstances which accompanied the presentation of the portrait of Lord Palmerston to Lady Palmerston, serve to invest it with more than ordinary interest. Intrinsically, as a work of art, it has merit; another advantage being that it is the only existing likeness of this great statesman. Mr. John Partridge, who has already won well-earned repute for his honest and brilliant portraits, has produced at once a pleasing picture and a striking likeness. The noble lord is represented standing. The bearing of the figure is dignified and graceful; the countenance animated with conscious power, and being in full front, with little or no contrast of light and shade, is perhaps the greatest difficulty a painter has to contend with; the hands are painted with great freshness and care. The colouring is rich, and the way in which the sombre garb of the day is relieved by the crimson ribbon of the Order of the Bath, is good. We believe that the engraving of this picture has been entrusted to Mr. Cousins, a name in itself a guarantee of excellence, by which this canvass may be made a peaceful standard round which many names may rally.—A portrait of Mille. Ferraris has just been published by Mr. Grundy, of Regent-street. It deserves mention as a laudable attempt to produce something a little better than the contemptible caricatures in which our dancers more especially have been too often exhibited. The artist, Mr. Solomé, has seized on the attitude of Ferraris in that astonishing *pas* where she descends, arrow-like, on her “toe of adamant.” The likeness is good. The lithograph is by Mr. Selb.—A clever three-quarter portrait of Shakespeare, a compo-

sition from the Stratford bust, the Chandos portrait, and all the accredited memorials of the great poet, has just been painted by Mr. Forde M. Brown,—and is now on view at Messrs. Dickinson’s in New Bond-street. Mr. Brown has caught a certain “gentle” enthusiasm and gentleman-like look, as if he had wrought remembering how Shakespeare is additionally endeared to us by the epithet of “gentle,” applied to him by so many of his contemporaries. There is no attempt in his picture to portray the poet who drew “*Lear*” or “*Macbeth*,” but we have, instead, the mind that gave us “*Cordelia*,” and “*Rosalind*.”

#### DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.—*La Tempesta* continues to attract, and it has been varied with *Il Matrimonio Legreto*, an opera that was never very famous, and certainly does not gain much upon repetition. We shall have in our next to report the appearance of a new candidate for public favour—a Creole—the Black Nightingale, as she is termed, of whom fame speaks in rapturous terms.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Le Prophète* is still the attraction, and crowded houses attest the continued admiration of the public for its gorgeous scenery, its fine music, and the impassioned acting of GARCIA. All who have not yet seen it should do so before the season closes. *Don Giovanni* was repeated on Thursday, and with such completeness of orchestra and acting as never was seen on the stage before. The Royal Italian Opera has evidently taken permanent root at Covent Garden. It is crowded nightly.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES’S THEATRE.—The reappearance of Mademoiselle RACHEL in this country, after an interval of three years, is an event which suggests the warmest congratulations to the *habitués* of this favoured theatre, and inspires a hope that in future years we may have the pleasure of offering this inimitable actress a hearty welcome. It is almost needless to say that each of her performances has met with the most unequivocal success. The qualifications of a tragic actress seem all concentrated in Mademoiselle RACHEL: although slight in figure, and, perhaps, with no great personal attractions, her presence and demeanour are unrivalled both for grace and dignity. A clear, flexible voice, completely under command for the expression of almost every emotion of the human breast, enables her to produce effects in certain passages, and even in the utterance of a single word, which those who have heard will never forget. It must not be supposed, however, that Mademoiselle RACHEL condescends merely to make “points;” it is the uniformity of her performance, resulting from the appreciation of the whole character, whence her perfection arises, and so completely rivets the attention of the audience. Mademoiselle RACHEL’s engagement, it is positively stated, only includes twelve representations, six of which have already taken place. It would lead us too far to venture to call particular attention to a few even of the most striking scenes in *Phèdre*, *Bayazet*, and *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, but we would recommend our readers to go and judge of Mademoiselle RACHEL’s merits for themselves.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Miss WOOLGAR took her benefit last week, and the crowded state of the house showed the favour in which this young and rising actress is held by the public. The production of Mr. KNOWLES’S *Hunchback* afforded her an opportunity of displaying her talents in a higher class of character than that to which she has hitherto been accustomed. Her acting of *Helen* was marked by an easy and ladylike deportment, an unaffected gaiety, and a diligent study of the points of the character. It was altogether an excellent performance.

STRAND THEATRE.—The Tragedy of *Euripides*, which suggested to Mr. TALFOURD the capital burlesque now playing at the Strand Theatre, is so deficient in dramatic interest, or, technically, “situation” that the absence of this quality in *Alceste*, the original *Srong-minded Woman*, as the talented author has christened his perversion of the Greek original, will excite little surprise. “Dramatic situation” is unquestionably the prime element upon which hangs the Dramatist’s success. Still, as in the instance before us, smartly written dialogue will go far to obviate the difficulty, and that of *Alceste*, replete with repartee and profusely

adorned with puns, has placed this burlesque in the position of one of the most successful novelties of the season. The characters, with one or two exceptions, are well sustained. The exceptions refer to Messrs. SHALDERS and W. FARREN, jun., both of whom, the former especially, over act their parts. Mr. SHALDERS appears to set a high value upon *grimace*, but he may be assured that mere grimace is not, and never can be, considered acting. COMPTON very happily renders the part of *Admetus* and sings a parody on "Jolly Nose" in a style of comicality that must be witnessed to be appreciated. Mrs. ALFRED PHILLIPS sustains with genuine comic humour, and in the true spirit of burlesque, the part of *Phodra*, a maid-of-all-work and no play: her parody on RUSSELL's popular "I'm afloat" is one of the best things in the piece. The author has made a happy selection of parodies which are in the hands of every character—one of them, on "Nix My Dolly," is neatly sung by Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY, who enacts the "Strong-minded Woman."

THE COLLOSSEUM has been a great point of attraction during the present season. No visitor should fail to view it.

THE DIORAMA and THE PANORAMA are among the most interesting of the sights of London at this time.

THE POLYTECHNIC has been introducing some new dissolving views of great beauty.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

OF new books few are announced, and none others are "rumoured of." The "Correspondence of the Emperor Charles the Fifth" is before us, and we have seen the announcement of "Adventures during the late Hungarian Campaign," a work that, we understand, disputes some of the statements made by those who have recorded the Hungarian side of the question. It is written by an Austrian and a partisan of the Emperor's cause.—In Paris, Madame George Sand's *Memoirs* are announced as "nearly ready," and two novels by Lamartine are about to appear. The copyright of these works he has sold to pay the expenses of his Eastern trip. To such a strait is the honest founder of the new French Republic reduced!—No less than three separate translations of Macaulay's "History of England" are now being issued from the German press.—It appears from the Scotch papers that the house in Burns-street, Dumfries, in which the bard of "Tam o' Shanter" and his wife, "bonnie Jean," lived and died, is about to come into the market by way of public auction.—The University of Oxford has conferred its honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law on the Marquis of Northampton, late President of the Royal Society, and on Mr. Prescott, the well-known American historian.—There are six papers in the United States under the editorial charge of ladies. They are, the *Pittsburg Visitor*, Mrs. Swisshelm; the *Windham County Democrat* (Vt.), Mrs. C. J. H. Nicholas; the *Lily* (Seneca Falls), Mrs. Bloomer; the *Lancaster Gazette* (Pa.), Mrs. Pearson; the *Yazoo Whig*, Mrs. Horn; the *Mountain Bough*, Mrs. Prewett.—The closing meeting of the Royal Geographical Society for the present year was held on Monday last, the president, Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N., in the chair.—The *Moniteur* contains a decree from the President of the Republic, declaring that as Jean Pruvot, an agricultural labourer in the department of the Aisne, has been employed for fifty years on the same farm, and has, during that period, given numerous proofs of rare disinterestedness, and performed many acts of devotedness, the head of the state has thought fit to nominate him Knight of the Legion of Honour.—A correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* states that a brace of *avacans*—M. Barral and M. Bixio—have attracted public attention in Paris by a daring balloon ascent, to repeat certain scientific experiments made nearly fifty years ago by the lately deceased Gay Lussac. With more pluck than common sense, the two worthies took the management of the balloon on themselves, albeit they knew no more of aerial navigation than of flying; and the consequence was, that they placed their lives in fearful jeopardy, and at last came down to earth with a bump which nearly shook them to bits. Although scientifically the expedition had not the importance which had been hoped for, it has demonstrated two facts, to which M. Arago attaches considerable value,

viz., that the light of the clouds is not polarized, and that there are clouds of a depth of 3,000 yards. It may be added, also, that from a comparison of the few experiments made by the travellers, with the observations taken at the Observatoire during their absence, the probability is, that the temperature of the higher atmospheric regions varies in nearly the same degree as that of the surface of the earth.

#### SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY.—Our antipathies and sympathies are most unaccountable manifestations of our nervous impressionability affecting our judgment, and uncontrollable by will or reason. Certain antipathies seem to depend upon a peculiarity of the senses. The horror inspired by the odor of certain flowers, may be referred to this cause—an antipathy so powerful as to realize the poetic allusion, to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

For Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Orfila (a less questionable authority) gives the account of the painter Vincent, how was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Valtian gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having pinks in his chamber. Orfila also relates the instance of a lady, forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting, and a loss of the intellectual faculties, which symptoms continued for four-and twenty hours. Montaigne remarks, on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach: other ladies cannot bear the feel of fur. Boyle records a case of a man who experienced a natural abhorrence of honey; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor, who swooned whenever he heard a flute, and Shakespeare has alluded to the strange effect of the bagpipe. Boyle fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish; the Duke d'Epemont swooned on beholding a leveret, although a hare did not produce the same effect; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III., of France, fainted at that of a cat; and Marshal d'Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known.—*Millingen on Mind and Matter.*

AN ARAB ENTERTAINMENT.—A huge wooden bowl, some two feet in diameter, and full of boiled rice, was placed in the middle of the street; a crowd of Arabs immediately squatted round, all plunging in their hands at once, and licking their fingers with monstrous delight. The mess vanished rapidly, every one who passed was invited to partake, and some good-natured fellows seized an old blind man and threw him grinning with delight over the heads of those who surrounded the basin, in order that he might get a handful; women were stopped, and, as they could not eat at once on account of their veils, had their hands filled; one soon contrived to swallow her portion, and I saw her going away wiping her finger against the wall; children while on the shoulders of others came for their portion. All this was the work of about three minutes, when the crowd began to disperse. One man, however, probably a late comer, snatched up the bowl, under the pretence of washing it from a water-skin on a camel's back hard by, and began to scrape it round and round, and lick his fingers with delight. Presently a couple of women joined him, and they squatted down round it, poured more water in, swilled the sides, and washed down the remaining grains of rice, which they scooped up and devoured. When these had done, yet another hungry one appeared, and, seizing the bowl, rubbed it as if he wanted to melt the sides, poured in a little water, rubbed again, and succeeded in producing a pale fluid. Then he took up the enormous vessel in his two hands, and seemed to enjoy the draught extremely. I afterwards learned that this was a gift to the poor on the occasion either of a marriage, a circumcision, or a death.—*Two Years in a Levantine Family.*

#### THE FACE.

The human face is a marvellous book;

And it opens whenever we heed:

Time hath its tale in each wrinkle and nook;

Life hath its legend in every look;

And he that runneth may read.

Our summers are deepening the dimple of mirth,

Our winters the crow's foot of care,

Till years have worn threadbare the velvet of birth,

And left it a lesson of beauty's light worth,

Of promises gone to the air.

The beatings of hearts that are breaking unseen,—

The secrets of closeted thought —

As the hand of the clock tells the working within,

The innermost hours of the breast and the brain

Are known by the furrows without.

How closely these sorrowful miniatures stand,

And preach to the pulses of youth;

For ever around us their voiceless command;

Their mute, inexpressible warnings at hand;

The passionless presence of truth.

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STANLEY.—At Sydney, suddenly, Capt. Owen Stanley, R. N., son of the late Bishop of Norwich.

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